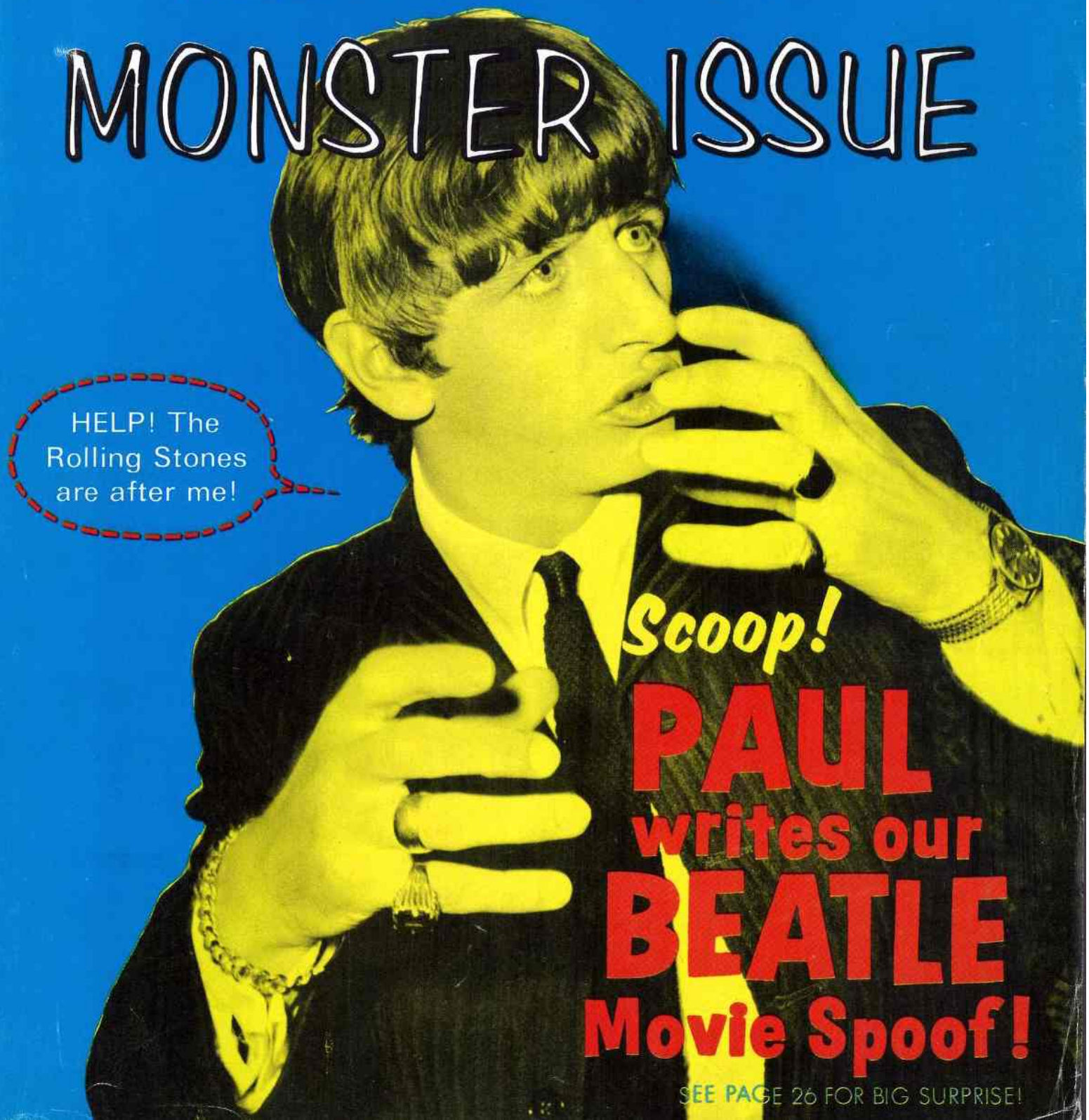
SICK

DECEMBER
25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

ICD

MONSTER ISSUE

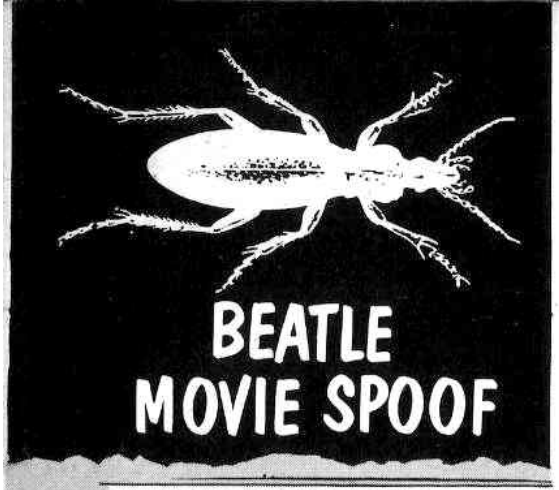


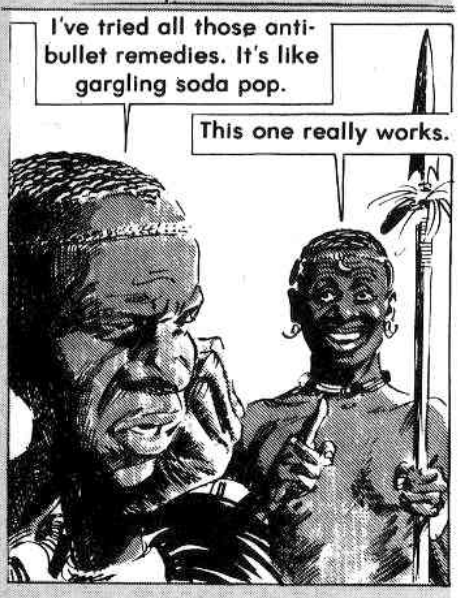
Scoop!

PAUL writes our BEATLE Movie Spoof!

SEE PAGE 26 FOR BIG SURPRISE!

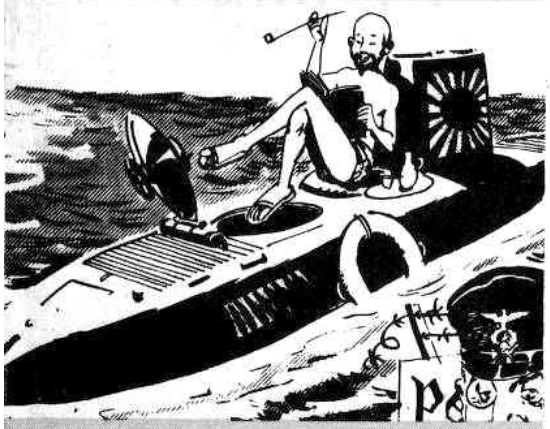
What x-ray vision, Clark?





Congo Warfare

The Prof Speaks Out



December 7th Again

SICK

No. 33

Vol. 5 No. 3

December 1964

Departments

Monologue — Japanese Peace Corps . . .

You think the Japanese copied the Peace Corps from us? Forget it. They had the same set-up in 1940. Only then, they called it the War Corps 16

FEATURES

Sick Crystal Ball . . .

A drunk boarded a bus and sat down next to an old gray-haired lady. "You may not know it," she said, "but you're going straight to hell." The drunk jumped to his feet and hollered to the driver, "My God, let me off! I'm on the wrong bus." 8

Year of the Monsters . . .

"Is there anyone in the class who would let his friend be slandered and say nothing?"
The Frankenstein monster rose to his feet. The teacher glared at him.
"Do you mean to say you would let your friend be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.
"Oh, I'm sorry," the monster apologized, "I thought you said slaughtered." 18

Teen- R R News . . .

"Going around with girls keeps you young."
"How's that?"
"I started going around with them when I was a Freshman and I'm still a Freshman." 36

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Adam was created before Eve to give him a chance to say something 40

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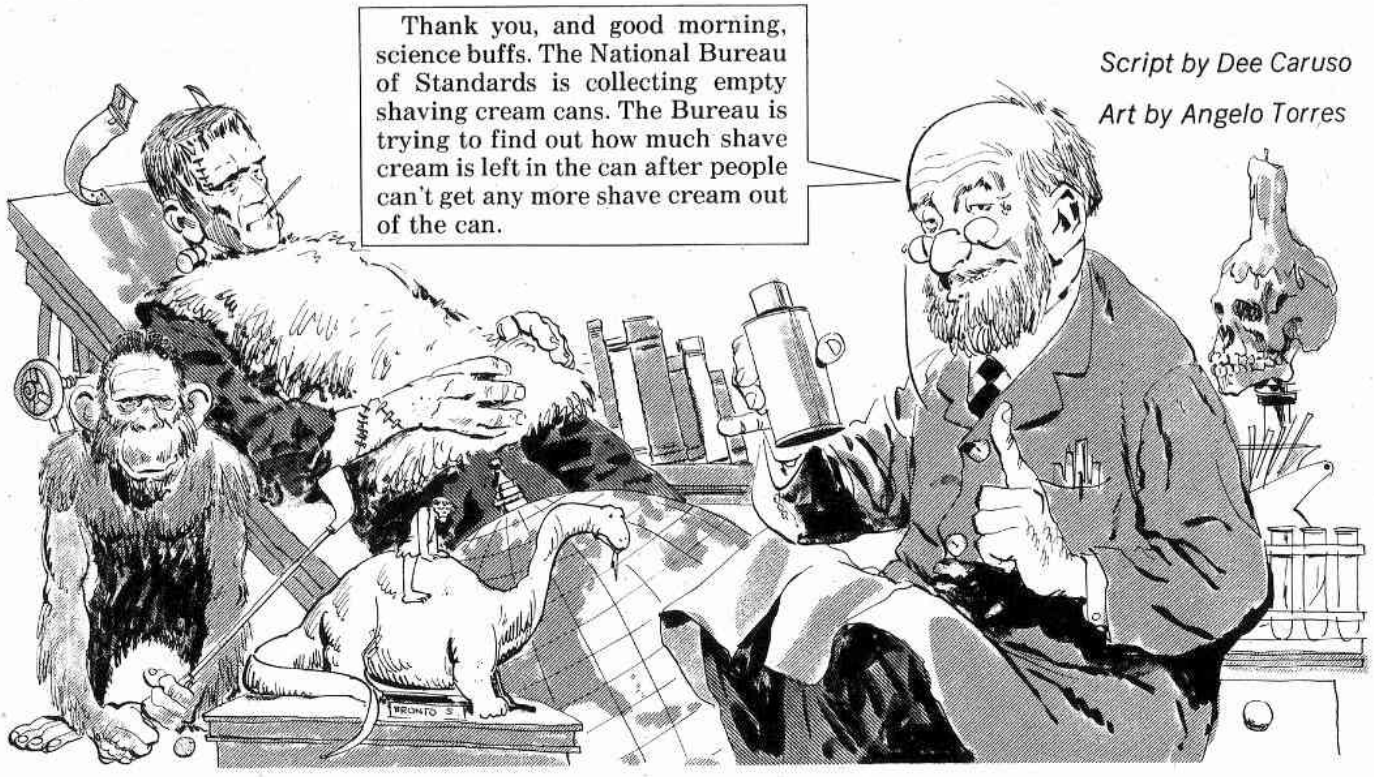
In an effort to keep our readers abreast of current events in the Science field, SICK presents

Professor Fried's ILLustrated SICK SCIENCE CLASS

Script by Dee Caruso

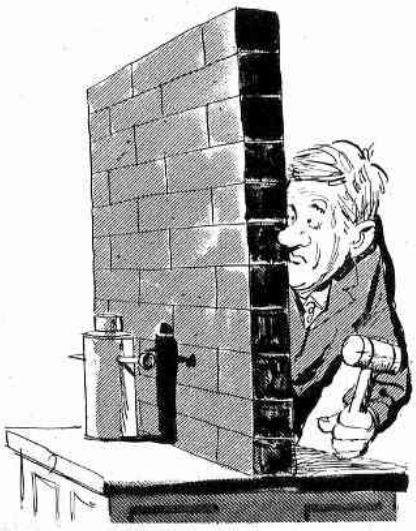
Art by Angelo Torres

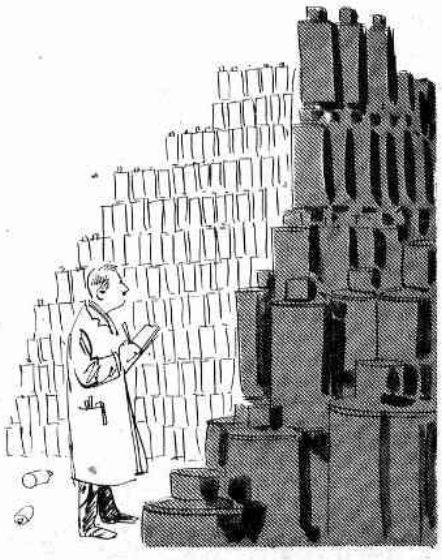


Scientists all over the world are trying to find the cure for dreaded diseases and sociologists are trying to find a way we can live with each other and these clowns are trying to find out how they squeeze all that shave cream into that little can. If they'd figured out a way to do away with beards in the first place, then, they'd be doing something!

Have you ever read the instructions on one of those aerosol cans? It says *"Dont't puncture the can."* You know what happens if you puncture an aerosol can? You've got a punctured aerosol can on your hands.

The Bureau of Standards has collected 2,300 cans and they are going to let them sit awhile. *"Some cans will regenerate their contents if they rest for a time,"* the Bureau states. We think they need two cans to do that.





Speaking of reproduction, the population is getting so large that we may need a ration card to visit a national park in six to ten years. By the year 2,000 the U.S. population is expected to hit 350 million, and our parks won't be able to hold us.

Have they thought of making room for people in those parks by cutting down all those trees?

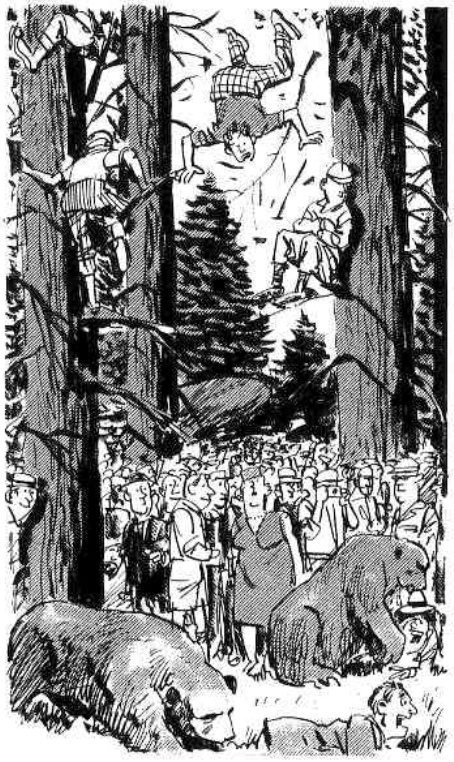
Why do we have to tell them everything? President Johnson — if that's really his name — wanted to save on electricity. We told him to switch to gas. It was me, Sickmund Fried , who said of Charles DeGaulle — *"The bigger they are, the harder it is to hit them."*

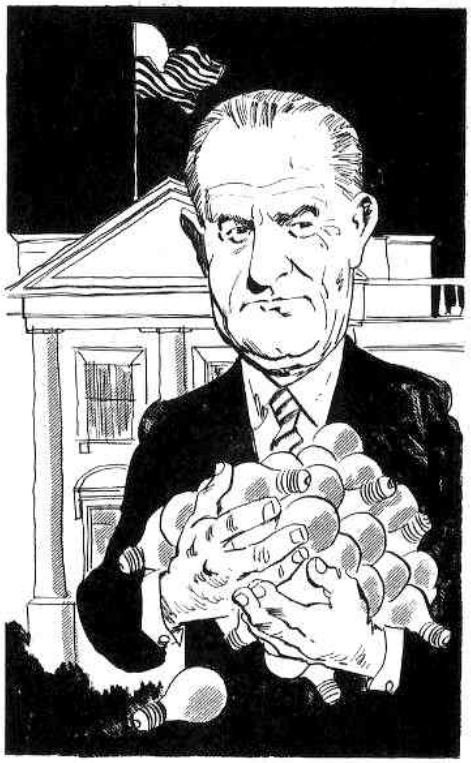
The only way to curb the population explosion, is to increase the speed limit. If you're going 95 miles an hour, do you know how far you go before you stop? 28 yards. That's right. And it's more in a car.

For many years scientists have been trying to discover a way to convert salt water from the sea into badly needed fresh water. It's so simple, why didn't they ask me? In my book: *"How to Make Fresh Water From Salt Water Through Hypnotism"*, I explain it to anyone who will listen.

To get fresh water from salt water you have two choices. Either you have to get the salt out of the water or the water out of the salt. Any questions, so far?

My plan is simply this — You pour all the salt water you can lay your hands on into a salt shaker. Then, you shake the salt shaker. The water will pour out through the holes first. And the salt will stay in the shaker. That not only gives you fresh water, but shakers full of salt.





This method is so simple, once you get the hang of it, it's amazing that no one thought of it. But then, look at the law of gravity. No one thought of it until it hit Isaac Newton right in the face. I have tried this method in my laboratory and I got fresh water — I've got a laboratory full of fresh water. Come and see it next time you are in the neighborhood.

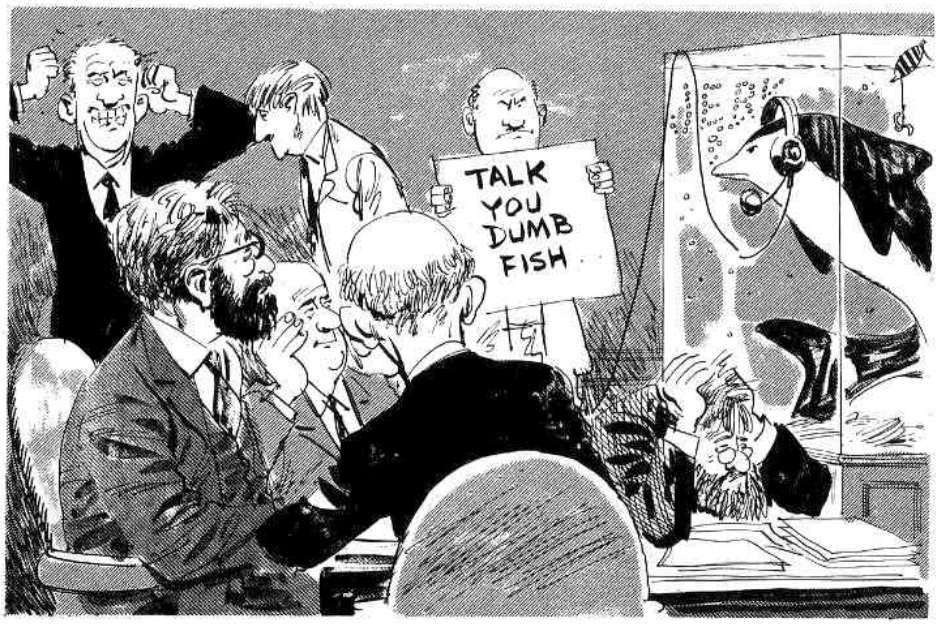
I figured it this way. If salt water isn't good to drink, then what are fishes living on? Beer? Fishes drink salt water all the time — it makes them very thirsty.

To drink salt water, it has to be cold. That's the problem. You can't make ice cubes out of salt water because the salt keeps melting the ice.

New uses for salt water in our oceans are constantly being found. In Spain they are planning a parking lot on the ocean floor. Of course, you have to be sure to roll up your windows before you park your car there.

We are learning a lot from fish. Porpoises are very smart. Right now, several West Coast scientists are trying to discover if Porpoises can speak. The experiments have not been successful. It turned out that while the scientists were trying to get the porpoises to speak, the porpoises were trying to get the scientists to speak.

The fact remains, fish live well at the bottom of the ocean without fresh water. What we have to find out, the way I see it, is how they're keeping the beer cold down there.



Sickcerely Yours.

Dear SICK:

In reference to your Movie Review of McLintock (June, 1964), I feel that in your case the only word fit to qualify as a rhyme to McLin is SICKLING. With stories like that you're bound to keep America laughing.

David R. Holmes
883 Catalpa Avenue
Teaneck, New Jersey

ED: Can you give us a rhyme for "Cleopatra" and we'll do a movie review on it.

Dear Weirdoos:

Very funny, I suppose you think you're pretty funny. Well, I don't. (Check back cover of June 1964 issue... That's about the dryest bit of humor I've ever seen. You can all just stick it in your great big fat lop ears. Ringo's cuter than you are, even with his hair shaved off.

Barbara Lott
808 South C. Street
Rupert, Idaho

ED: We're cute with our great big fat lob ears.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a copy of my song Funiculi Funicula. I was wondering if you could publish my song if you can find space for it. I buy your magazine each month it comes out. I like your magazine very much.

Steve Abernethy
371 San Gabriel Street
Sierra Madre, Calif.

ED: We like your song very much, but we aren't song publishers. A lot of people say we're not magazine publishers either. You can't please everybody.

Dear Mr. Sick:

If you print this letter no foolin', I will buy a subscription to your very funny magazine. I will be very grateful and you'll be rich. By the way, not to be outdone by Steve Ryder, please send me a rejection slip too. Thanks for satisfying my delusions of grandeur.

Dan Barnett
7542 Skyway
Paradise, Calif.

ED: You send us something in the mail and we'll reject it. We can't reject something we haven't seen, we don't know how much we'll dislike it.

Dear SICK Punks:

We decided to buy a copy of SICK. Boy, was it lousy. But one thing we thought was good was that little clod in the bath tub. He was really cute, but he should be in color. We dare you to print this letter.

Margie (Jazzy) Grybowski &
Sandra SNAZZY Levarse
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ED: And people say there are no nice girls in Pittsburgh.

Dear Sick:

I enjoyed your August Issue. I thought the article on "IF Presidential Candidates copied Commercial Ads on T.V." was great. It was even funnier when the T. V. came up with commercials about delegates' favorite candies and so forth on N.B.C.

By the way, don't change the name of "Sick." It won't be the same magazine without the name "Sick."

Deborah Becker
Box 127
War, West Virginia

Ed: If you can live with a name like "War, West Virginia," we can live with "Sick."

Dear EDward (what a name),

I think all those girls who wrote in about the Beatles are SICK if they cannot stand a little satire. Even the president can. If they don't like my letter, complain to me and not to SICK.

Very Disgusted,
Jean Beaulieu
L. Jean Morin
Dave Deschenes
32 Prince Street
Salem, Massachusetts

Ed: How many people live at 32 Prince Street, Salem, Massachusetts?

Dear Mr. Ed:

This letter is in regard to the absurd letter submitted to you by "Marty" in your September issue.

Obviously, this vulgar Hawiian is sadly ignorant of American history, or at least of our greatest struggle for unification, the Civil War.

I'm not a Southerner, but the rubbish that he wrote about General Thomas J. Jackson was more than I could stand.

At the first battle of Manassas, a few Confederate units under General Bernard Bee were wavering, and in order to restore them to their position, he pointed, with his sword, to where Jackson and his men were standing against the Union attack.

"There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginian," he shouted.

Bee's men did rally, and eventually drove the Yankees off the field. I might add that the "Boys in Blue" were extremely ingracious in their retraction from the battle. In fact, most of them sprinted to the rear in full and uncontested rout.

Perhaps, heretofore, "Marty" will refrain from corresponding to a national magazine about something that he, obviously, knows nothing.

Men like Jackson, Hampton, Forrest, Johnston, Lee and others belonged to a heritage of honor, dignity, and pride which signified the South, and anyone who would slander them can only be as low and profane as his accusations.

Steve Stoan
1629 Speice Avenue
Dayton, Ohio

Ed: Otherwise you like him, right?

Dear Finks:

To start with, you stink, but it's great. When I picked up your May copy (by the way, I forgot to pay for it), it was swell. But it was a little "Right."

Darrell Emerson
135 Gratiot Boulevard
Marysville, Michigan

ED: You're the second person to say we're right. Do two rights make a wrong?

Dear Sick:

First of all I didn't have the guts to write this letter, and it isn't going to be pleasant, but no hard feelings.

I am referring to your May 1964 issue, on page six in your answer to Bruce Pfeiffer, and September issue of the printing of Gary Lescota's letter, you clearly state that you will print anything. Since you made that remark, I want to see if it is true. Now print this in big, bold letters.

ANTHONY SEGRAVES FOR PRESIDENT
SICK IS A NAUSEATING, SICK, SICK MAGAZINE.

Sincerely,
Anthony Segraves
2228 Forest Drive
Camden, South Carolina

Ed: Wouldn't it be funny if he was elected?

Dear Sick:

I have just read your September issue and I think it is great. The cover was real good too. Please hurry up and come out with the next issue soon. I can't wait!!

Mark Wescott
35 Bender Drive
Clifton, New Jersey

Ed: The September issue WAS the next *one. It comes out after the December issue.*

Dear Sick:

About three or four months ago I traded a lot of stuff to a close friend of mine for a SICK Magazine. I still think I got the better part of the deal. Up until then I had two other SICK Magazines and I didn't think too much of them. The SICK that I traded for was your Volume 3 — Number 2, October 1962. The main

reason I traded for it was the "Call Me Herman" article in it. Of which you printed a blistering satire of Adolf Hitler. There is nothing I like better than a stab in the back to a *fiend* like him who did so much stabbing in the back since the time he got in power. I would like to know who wrote this brilliant article.

Bruce Krueger
830 Casazza Drive
Reno, Nevada

Ed: It was an autobiography. That means Adolf wrote it while driving in a Volkswagen.

Dear Sick:

I never dreamed that I would be writing to you. I was on the beach, and I wanted something exciting to do. I had a Mad Magazine on my mind. But, when I walked into the store, this magazine caught my eye. I picked it up and browsed through it. It looked similar to Mad. When I read it, I found myself to be mistaken. To me, anyway, the pictures, the captions, and tensity buildup was on an entirely different basis, it seemed deeper. The only thing I'm knocking about this magazine is the jealousy shown by others through you on the cover about the Beatles *(Ed: You're knocking the others, right?)*. Everyone has to make money somehow. I haven't heard anything about the Beatles knocking Sick. Something to think about, huh?

A. Sarcastic,
Bill Hoff
628 Coronado Avenue
Imperial Beach, Calif.

Ed: WHAT'S something to think about?

Dear Sick and a half,

You stupid people have a good-for-nothing stupid magazine, but I like it anyway. I think you should print more Civil War Blackouts. I know what you're going to say. "Send us some and we'll print them."

David L. Bokan
628 Main Street
Hellertown, Pennsylvania

Ed: Send us some and we'll print them.

Dear Sick (As I am after reading your magazine:

I have a wonderful idea for you. It seems that you enjoy talking (or should I say writing?) about people, so I suppose you could do a good, nasty, dirty, cheap, article on that wonderful (?) group — the Dave Clark Five. I'm sure with little or no effort you will be able to come up with a great sketch (like the Beatle one) for Dave Clark and his hand-made robots. Just printing their names is SICKening.

Let's see — after Dave Clark you can do Elvis Presley and then Barry Goldwater. Yes — well you have work to do, so — happy (nasty, mean,) writing.

I'll be looking for Dave Clark (actually I could probably smell him) in the next great issue of SICK.

Yours truly,
Susan Becker
3739 Oceanic Avenue
Brooklyn 24, New York

P.S. I don't care too much for the Dave Clark Five. I'm strictly for the Rolling Stones. They swing.

Ed: Watch for our article "The Dave Clark Sicks."

Dear Sick:

Congratulations on your wisecracks to these overly adoring Beatle fans. Especially the answer to the dumb one from Deshler, Ohio.

Tom Wagner
Rt. 1 Box 255
Wickville, Pennsylvania

Ed: What about THIS one, Deshler, Ohio!

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

Printed before Dallas, this highly acclaimed picture-caption book is now being offered for sale in order to contribute (50% of all profits) to the JFK MEMORIAL LIBRARY

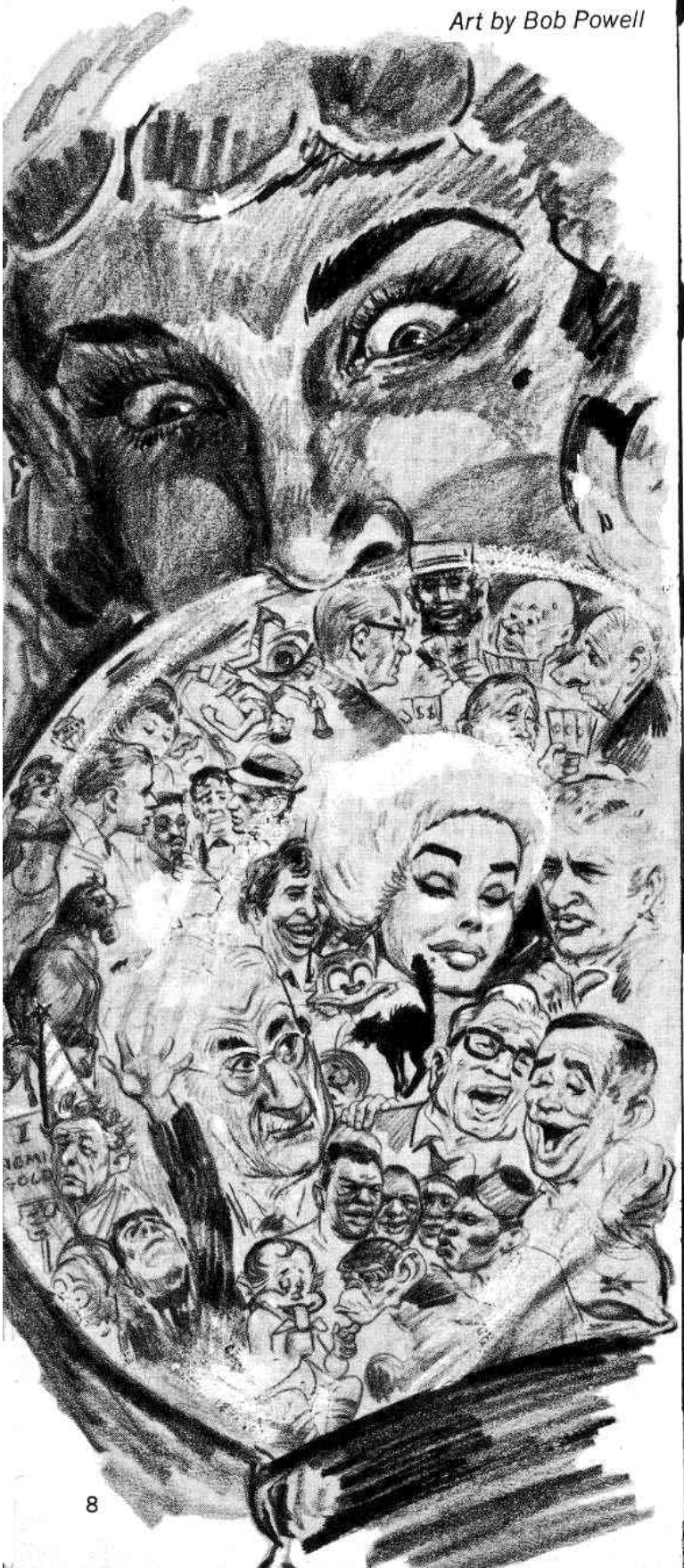
Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paperback" volume) to "*Look Who's Talking*," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

SICK CRYSTAL BALL

Art by Bob Powell



RICHARD BURTON

You will live to be 106, at which time you will be beaten to death by an outraged husband!

TOMMY MANVILLE

You will meet a nice Italian girl from the Bronx, settle down, and open up a Pizza Parlor.

GEORGIE JESSEL

You will announce your final retirement and spend the year making personal appearances telling people about it!

HUGH HEFNER

Fame and fortune will come your way when you hit upon the idea of having your Playboy Bunnies take Rabbit Tests!

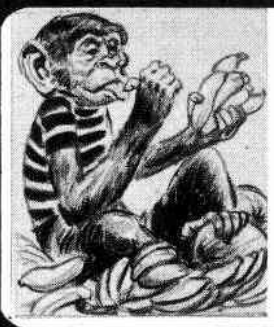
PRINCESS MARGARET

You will divorce your husband when you find him photographing Christine Keeler without any film in the camera!

CELEBRITY PREDICTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

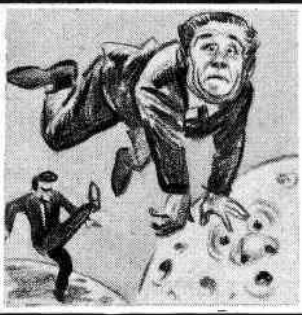
DUKE OF WINDSOR

You will wake up one day, look at the woman beside you, and ask yourself whatever made you marry the broad!



J. FRED MUGGS

You will quit your job at the end of the year because you will get tired of working for peanuts!



JIMMY HOFFA

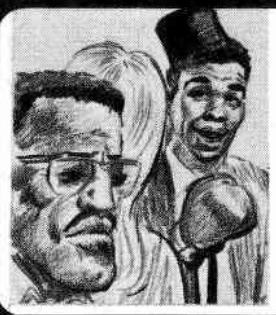
You will be the first man on the moon. The Attorney-General himself will arrange it!

BING CROSBY

Your wife will give birth to Siamese Twins, at which time you will file for a separation!

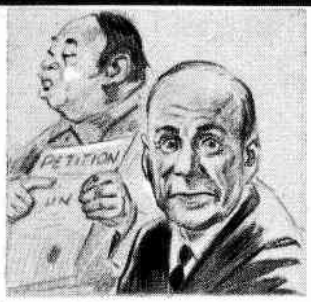
BILLY GRAHAM

Because of very low ratings you will be dropped by your sponsor!



MAY BRITT

You will meet a tall dark stranger who will make you forget last year's short dark stranger!



ADLAI STEVENSON

You will change your mind and admit Red China to the U.N. but an hour later they'll want to be admitted again!

MARIA CALLAS

Have patience. You will soon hit a note so high that you will get an answer from Chloe!

FRANK SINATRA

You will soon tire of too much wine, women and song and you will then give up singing!

FRED DEMARRA

(The Great Impersonator)

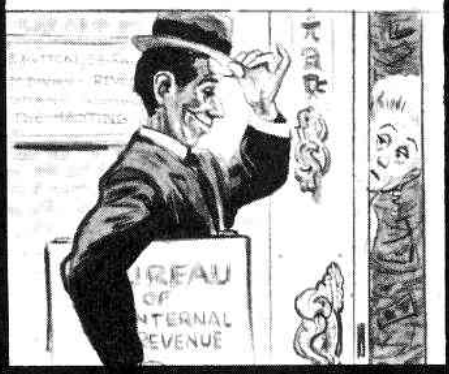
You will be arrested for impersonating the writer of this article and this time they will throw the key away!

DEAN MARTIN

You will soon put a stop to the rumor that you are always drunk by one day showing up sober!

BARBARA HUTTON

You will meet a tall and handsome stranger who will take all this away from you!



PORFIRIO RUBIROSA

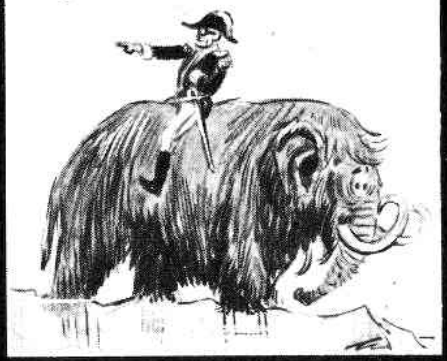
You will introduce a brand-new concept in broad-jumping — by using real broads!

JOE E. LEWIS

You will find a wonderful new way to avoid hangovers. You will stay drunk!

BARRY GOLDWATER

You will bring to the people of America a stirring new campaign slogan: "To The Rear, March!"



EDDIE FISHER

This year you will wind up a has-been, but don't despair. Just look where you has been!

BRIGITTE BARDOT

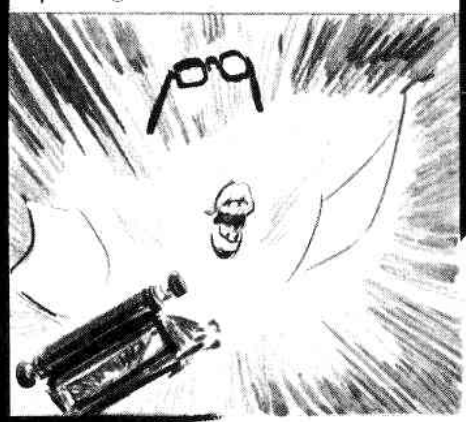
You should beware of people who will want you to give it all up and throw in the towel!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

You will be named in a paternity suit and you will insist upon your guilt!

PAUL LAIKIN

You will ask for payment on this article and will be handed instead, a package with a time bomb in it!



Recently SICK did a takeoff on the Charles A. Schulz second best-seller "Security Is A Thumb And A Blanket." Since this brought in a favorable letter — and since we're in the habit of doing everything backwards anyway — we now present our version of his **first** best-seller "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy" which we call . . .

MISERY IS A COLD EDSEL

MISERY is learning that the guy living at your house isn't really your wife's brother.

MISERY is sitting next to a ticking suitcase during an airplane trip

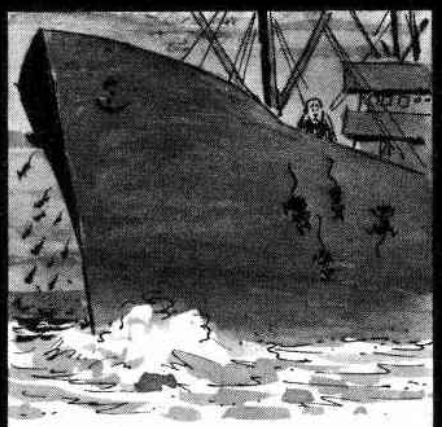
MISERY is hearing a key opening the door of the motel room you're occupying

MISERY is remembering your name is in the address book of a party girl they've just arrested

MISERY is discovering the girl you took up to the hotel room is a male cop

MISERY is standing between two other guys in that crowded bus

MISERY is remembering in the shower that you forgot to prepare a towel



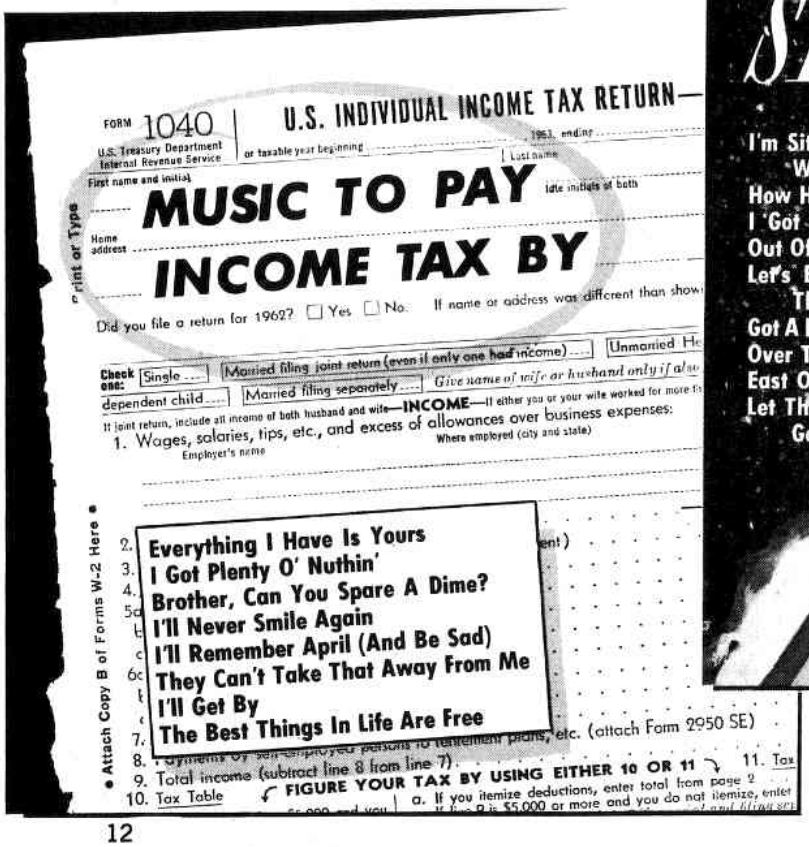
MISERY is watching a pack of rats desert the ship you are on at sea

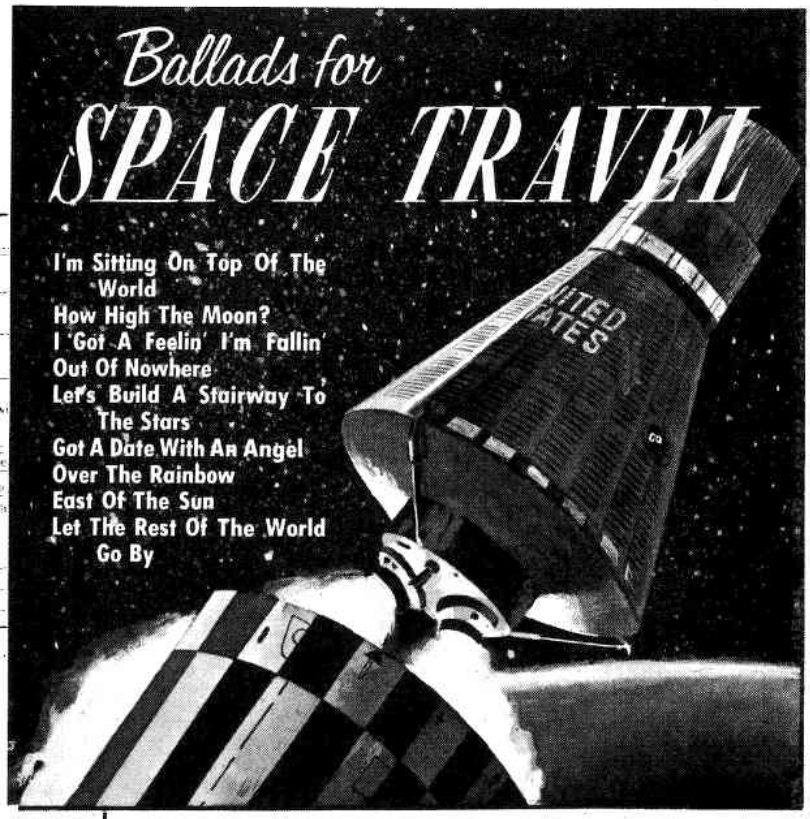
MISERY is getting to the box-office a minute after the prices change

SICK Albums

This has been described as the Age of Anxiety. Today there are more neurotics walking around than there are healthy people. This phenomenon is having its effect everywhere on the American cultural scene — especially in the music business, if the current standard of popular tunes is any criteria. And, since music has been known to soothe the savage mind, these people naturally turn to the songs of the day to get them in the mood. Publishers are aware of this need and have seen to it that there is a record album available for any mood. The only thing they haven't figured out yet is how to get people in the mood to go out and by the latest ridiculous examples of their...

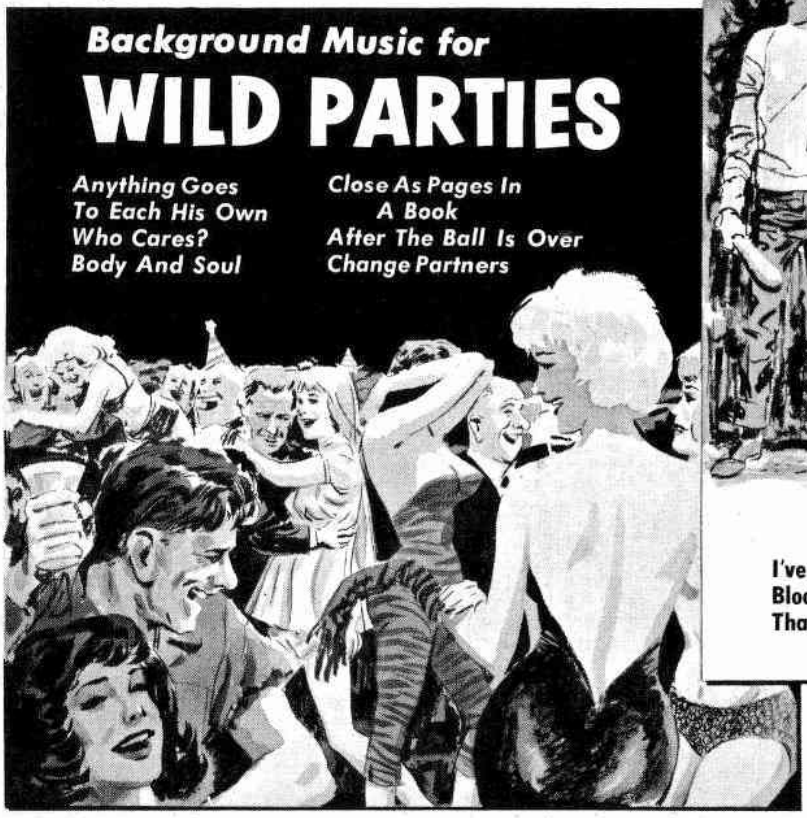
Modern MOOD MUSIC

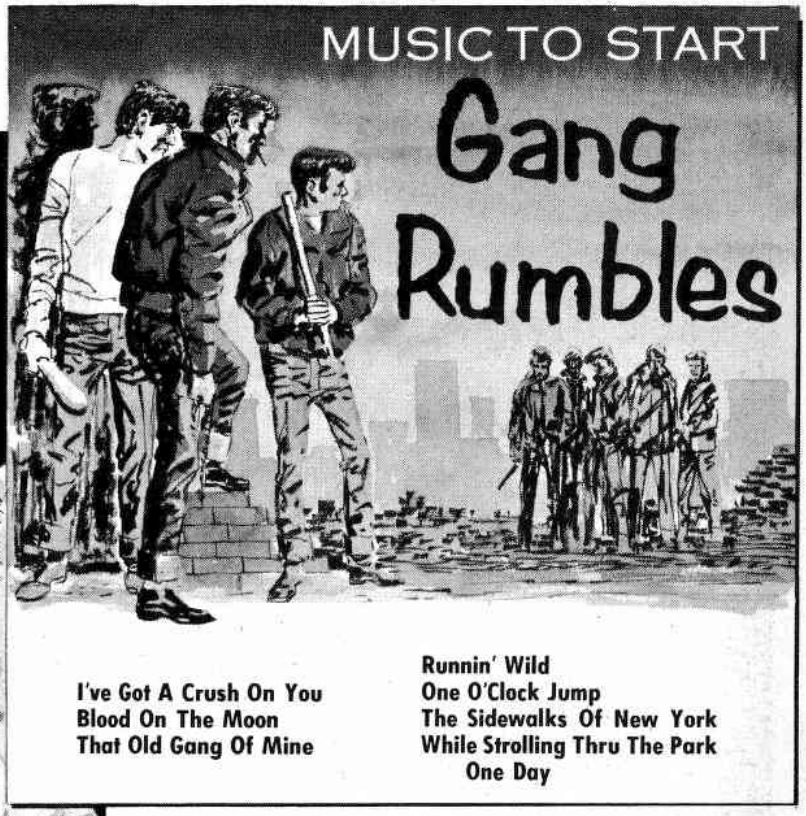




Songs for
NERVOUS
BREAK
DOWNS
Why Was I Born?
Everything Happens To Me
Moanin' Low
You're Driving Me Crazy
Heartaches
I Can't Get Started
You Call It Madness
The Curse Of An Aching Heart
Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella
(And You'll Get A Mouthful
Of Rain)

MUSIC TO
Reduce by
Too-Fat Polka
Mr. Five By Five
I Cover The Waterfront
I Wish I Could Shimmy
(Like My Sister Kate)
Button Up Your Overcoat
The Yanks Are Coming
My Resistance Is Low


Background Music for
WILD PARTIES
Anything Goes
To Each His Own
Who Cares?
Body And Soul
Close As Pages In
A Book
After The Ball Is Over
Change Partners


MUSIC TO START
Gang
Rumbles
I've Got A Crush On You
Blood On The Moon
That Old Gang Of Mine
Runnin' Wild
One O'Clock Jump
The Sidewalks Of New York
While Strolling Thru The Park
One Day

Can Can Music to Sit by

Sitting Pretty
Oh Johnny Oh Johnny
You Go To My Head
Cheek To Cheek
Fools Rush In
There I Go
Linger Awhile

MAKEOUT MUSIC FOR WOLVES

The Night Is Young
Put Your Arms Around Me Honey
Cuddle Up A Little Closer
Make Love To Me
It Can't Be Wrong
You Can Depend On Me
Love Me Or Leave Me

Music to Get Him Out of THE APARTMENT WITH

I Said No!
This Can't Be Love
I Hadn't Anyone Till You
What Is This Thing Called Love?
Little White Lies
Please
It Isn't Fair
You Made Me Love You

Duets for 2 Lovers

Let's Do It!
No! No! A Thousand Times No!
O Lady Be Good
I'm Old-Fashioned
There's A Small Hotel
Don't Be That Way
I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good

Don't Blame Me
Don't You Know I Care?
Try A little Tenderness
I Only Have Eyes For You

All Or Nothing At All
How Come You Do Me Like You Do Do Do?
They Say It's Wonderful
I Surrender Dear
Hallelujah!
You Took Advantage Of Me

Songs of THE GAY NINETEENS
A Woman Is A Sometime Thing
It's So Nice To Have A Man Around The House
A Fellow Needs A Girl?
I'm Just Wild About Harry
He's My Guy
Frankie And Johnny
A Gay Caballero
BWAY

New Sounds from
Denmark
There'll Be Some Changes Made
It's Magic
You Do Something To Me
Little Things Mean A Lot
That Certain Feeling
It Ain't Necessarily So
They Didn't Believe Me
You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me
I'll Never Be The Same

HITS TO GET HIGH on
There Is A Tavern In The Town
Makin' Whoopee
Little Brown Jug
Comin' Thru The Rye
One More For The Road
The Second Time Around
Stumbling
Show Me The Way To Go Home
XXX

MUSIC TO
RATIONALIZE BY
If They Ask Me (I Could Write A Book)
Please Don't Talk About Me (When I'm Gone)
They're Either Too Young (Or Too Old)
What Can I Say Dear (After I Say I'm Sorry)

Japan will soon be organizing its own Peace Corps similar to the United States Peace Corps proving that anything we can do, they can do cheaper and smaller. Here is the Head of the Japanese Peace Corps addressing his troops—uh, corpsmen.

MONOLOGUES
for special occasions

JAPANESE

Welcome, to the Japanese Peace Corps. I know what you are all thinking—you will go to foreign countries and live it up like American GI's. Well, forget it, Charlie. Your job will be to assist natives in farming, fishing, forestry and road building. Do any of you here know anything about farming, fishing, forestry and road building?... Not a thing?... You *had* to volunteer for *my* outfit? It's not too important—where we're sending you, the natives don't know the first thing about farming, fishing, forestry and road building, so you can fake it.

We also want you to remember your secondary job—sell a few transistor radios wherever you go.

Let's see what some of your qualifications are for the Peace Corps. You there, Yokomoto, what were you before you joined us? You were a Kamakazi pilot? And you're still here? Oh, you never got your wings.

Tough break. You washed out during basic training. I've always wondered—what do Kamakazis do during basic training? How do you train for suicide? You dive into dummy ships? And you couldn't do that?

You blacked out. During the dive? Oh, during take-off. Taxiing down the runway gave you nose bleeds. I'm not trying to belittle your physical disability, Yokomoto, but taxiing down a runway is as easy as riding in a bus. You get nose bleeds riding in a bus too. High altitudes give you nose bleeds? I see. That explains your trouble on buses, how about in planes?

What did some of you other fellows do before you signed to be members of the Japanese Peace Corps? Takashima? You were on a one-man sub. That was very dangerous work, wasn't it? Oh, whenever you saw trouble, you ordered abandon ship... I guess one nice thing about being on a one-man sub, you're your own boss.

Script by Dee Caruso *Art by Angelo Torres*

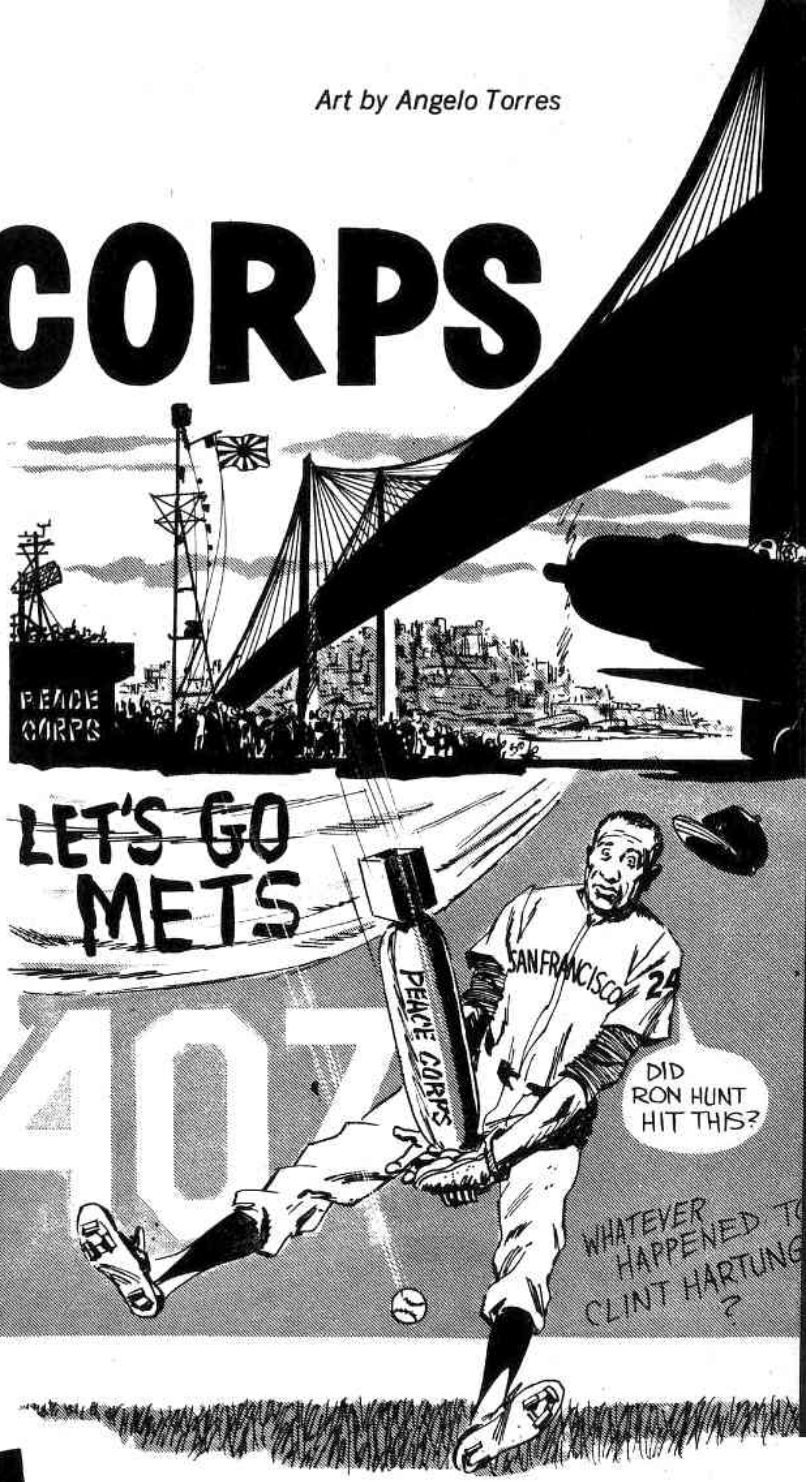
PEACE CORPS

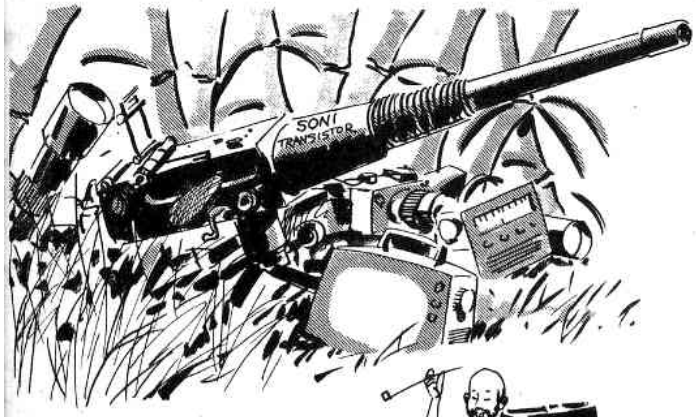
Judging from your war records, you men are ideally suited for work in Peace corps. Now, you will all take this camera with you. This is the smallest camera in the world. It can fit in your tie-pin. The only trouble with this camera is that it takes the smallest pictures in the world.

As for your training—your training period began this morning, when you assembled here and it will be concluded when I finish talking.

Any questions? Takashima? "Where will the Japanese Peace Corps send you?" Good question. You will go to places like Guam, Wake Island, Midway, Tarawa, Manila, Iwo Jima, Corregidor and other more remote spots in the Pacific.

A select group of Peace Corpsmen will go to spread our message in Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States. While you are talking peace in Washington, the zeroes will be taking off from Jap aircraft carriers. We're not bombing Pearl Harbor, we made that mistake last time. We're bombing San Francisco. What, Yokomoto? I don't care what happens to Willie Mays. You better pray he's playing an "away" game.





"What's the date of the raid?" It's December 7th. Ah, Yokomoto, does that date ring a bell? "It's your wife's birthday." Don't ask me why they picked December 7th, maybe they figured no one would expect two sneak attacks on the same day. Maybe because it's Yokomoto's wife's birthday.

Before I dismiss you, I have a message here from the Emperor. What did you say, Yokomoto? "Which Emperor?" You're a pretty funny fellow, Yokomoto. You should form an act and take it out on the road. That's right, I forgot—bus rides give you nose bleeds. That's the only thing that's stopping you?

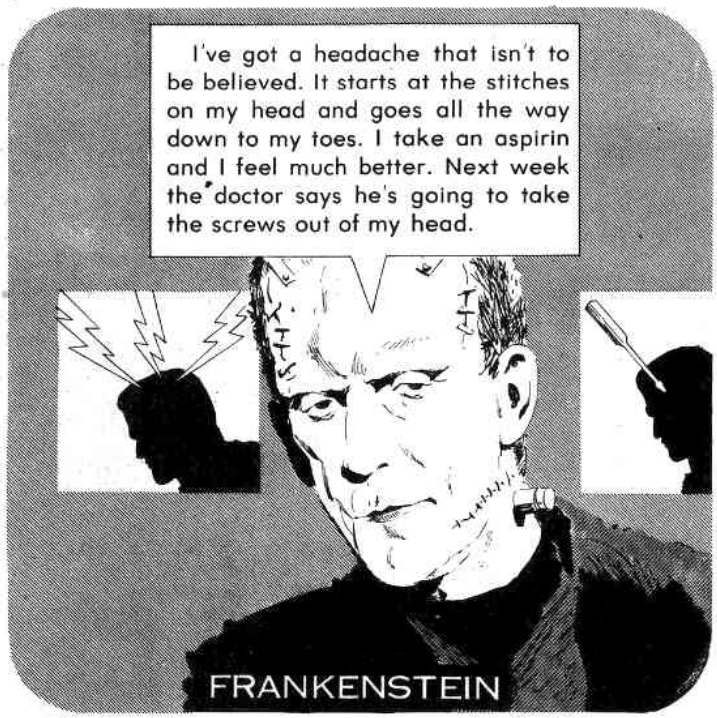
Emperor Hirohito says: "Greetings, Japanese Peace Corps. Good luck on your mission to bring peace to all parts of the world. Fly in low and drop your bombs in clusters. Remember, the only thing we have to fear is that they have the Atom Bomb and we don't!"

Good old Emperor, he always looks on the bright side...

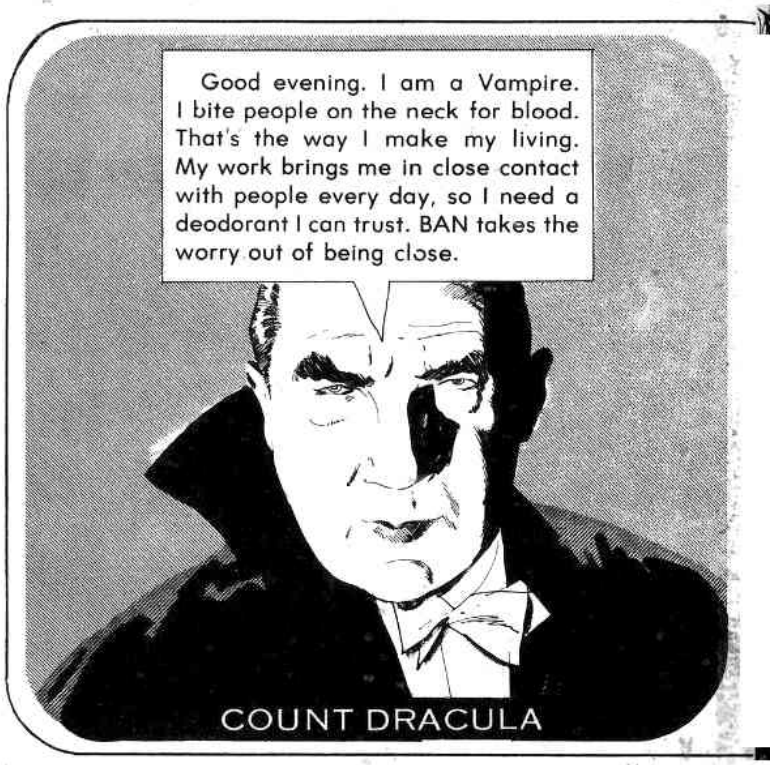
Advertising agencies on Madison Avenue predict that 1965 will be the year of the Monster in TV advertising. preview of this new trend in TV commercials.

MONSTERS IN

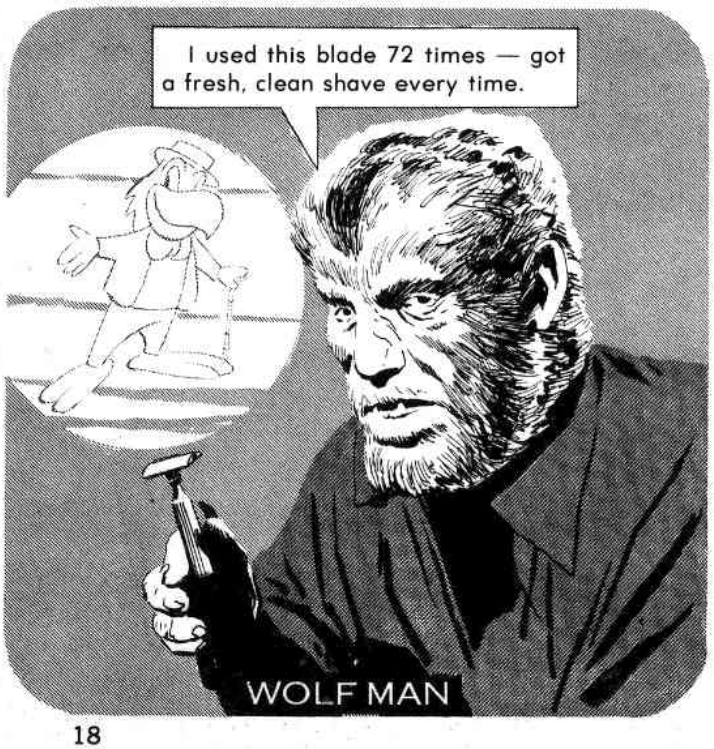
PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HEADACHE PAIN...



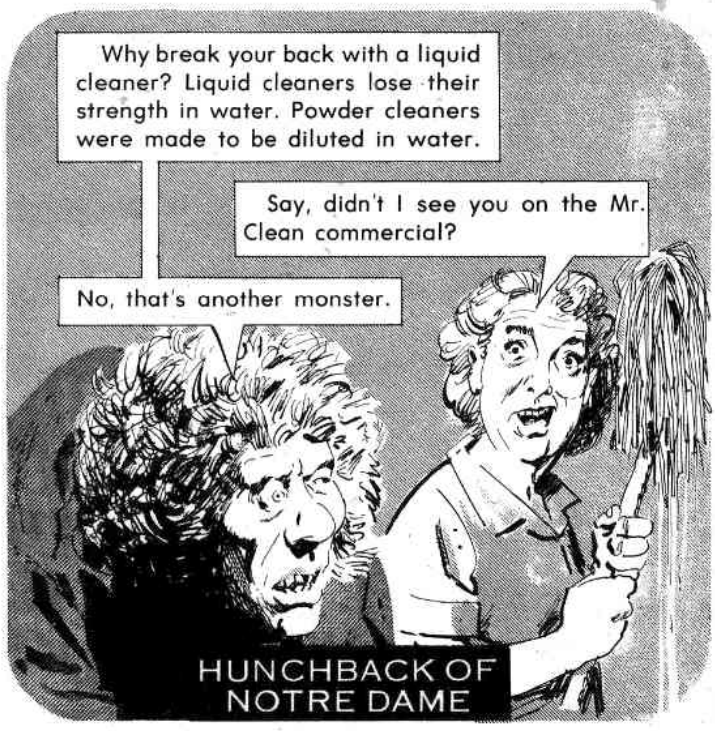
YOU GET A SMILE EVERY



LOOK SHARP, FEEL SHARP...



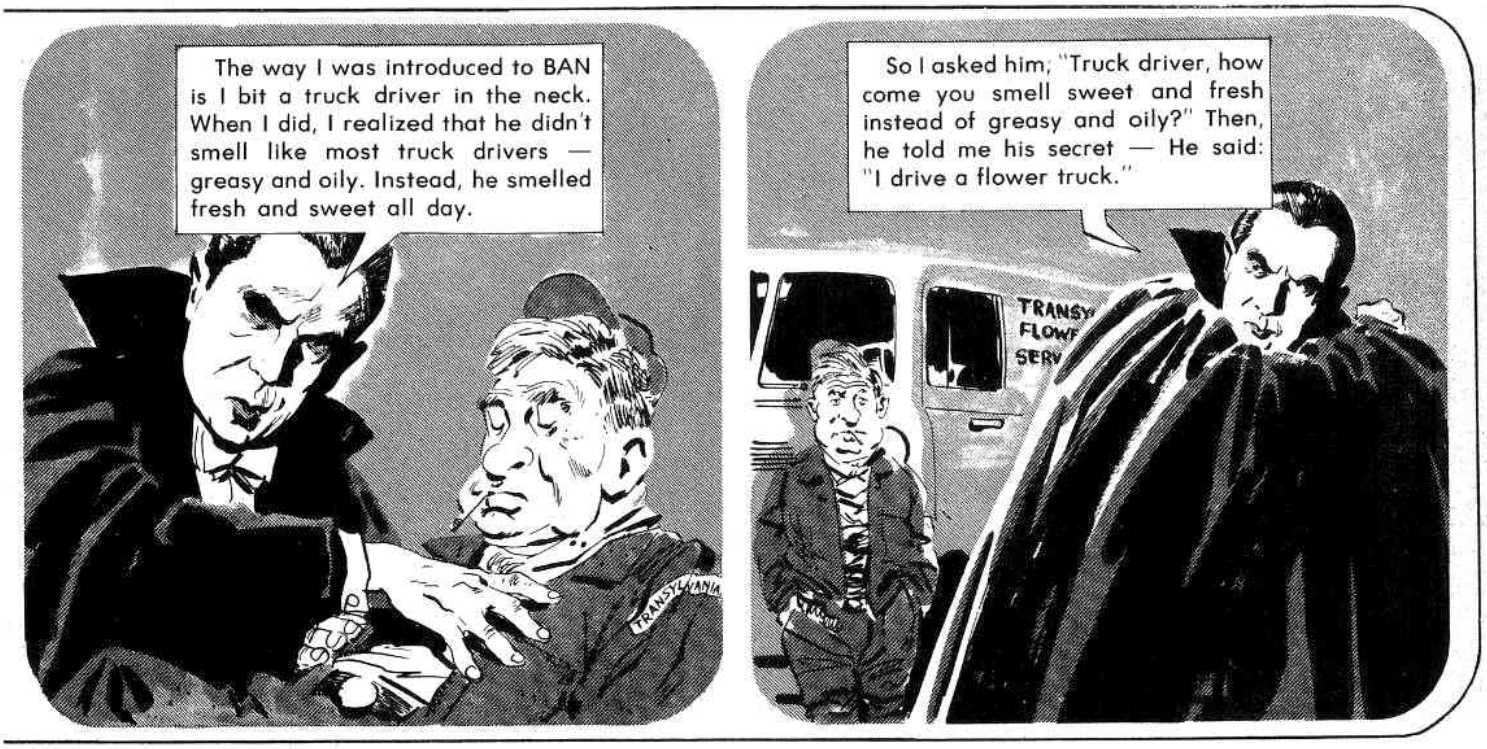
MR. MEAN, MR. MEAN....



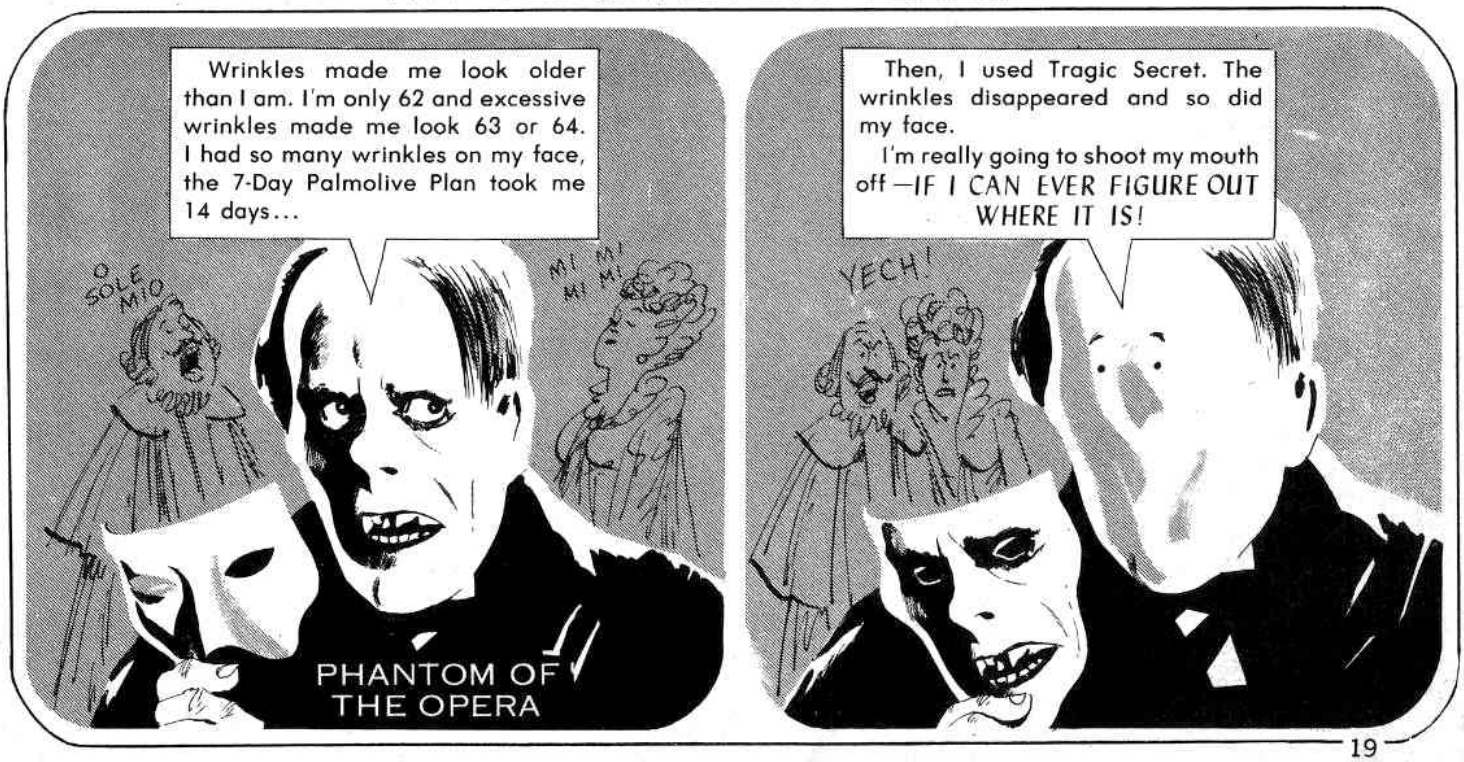
Well, we've lived through a Beatle invasion, let's hope we can survive monster TV ads. SICK presents a

ADVERTISING

TIME WITH A...



TRY THE SEVEN DAY PLAN...

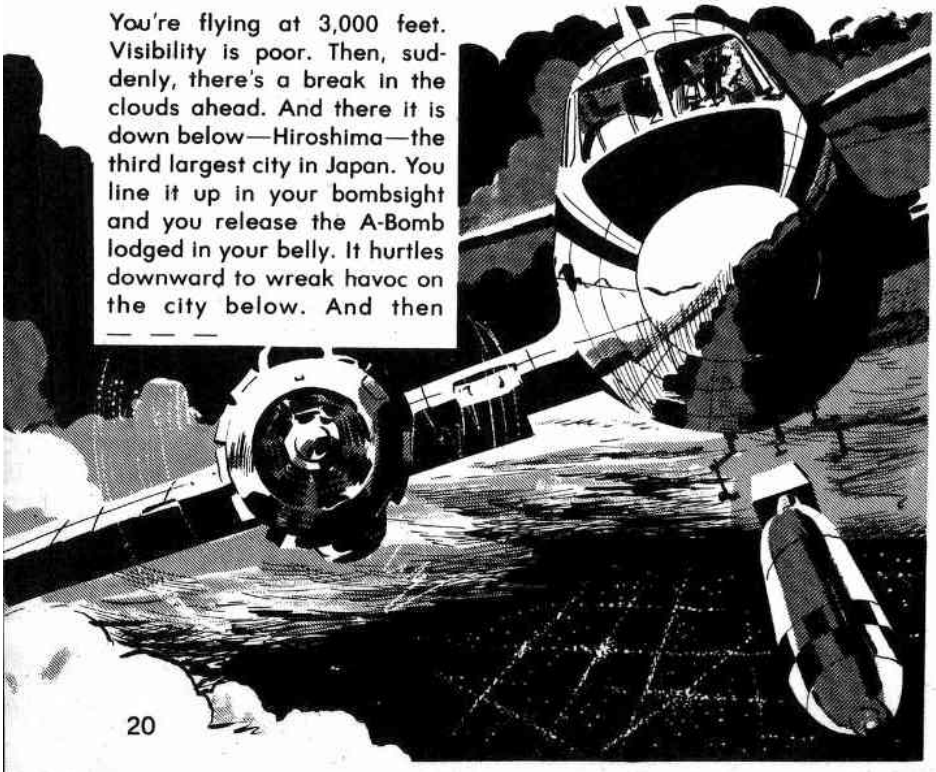


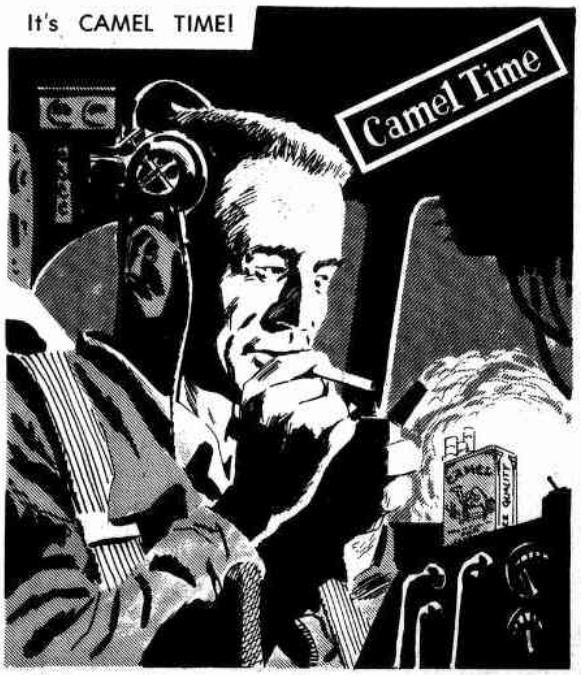
ADVERTISING

You've seen the ad that stated: "Chapstick, the lip balm selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Swimming Team"...

Can you picture the scene, the entire U.S. Olympic Swimming Team standing around the pool and their coach telling them to try different lip balms.

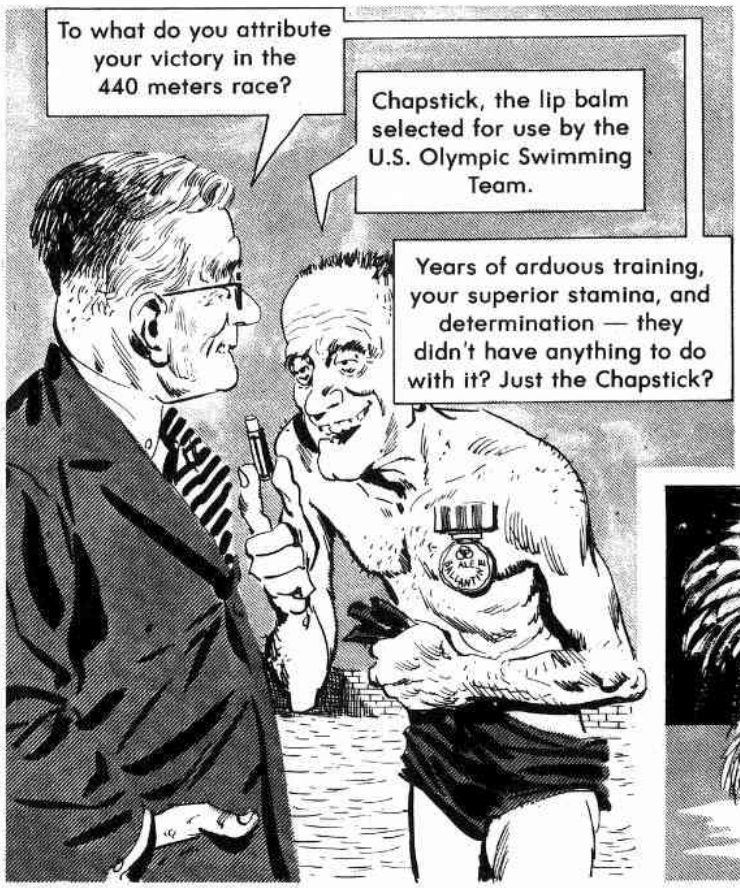
It's Commer





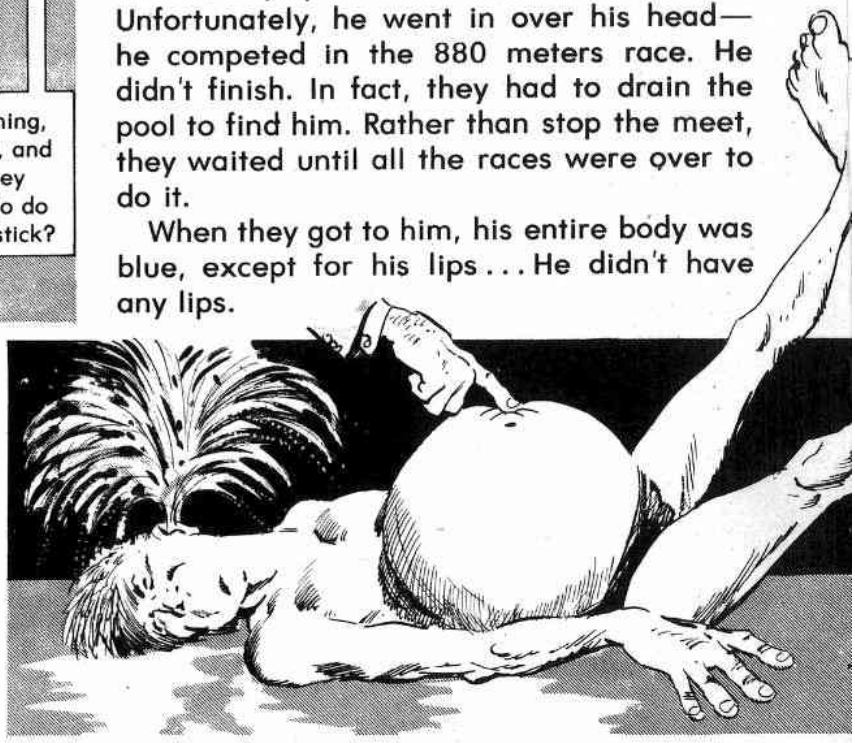
Things all seem to brighten up—
Every time you light one up . . .

After six tries, the team selects Chapstick. Then, in the Olympic trials the sports announcer interviews the winner, poolside.



Lip balms do help. We know a guy who never swam a stroke in his life until he started using lip balm and he was selected for the Olympic Team on the basis of that. Unfortunately, he went in over his head—he competed in the 880 meters race. He didn't finish. In fact, they had to drain the pool to find him. Rather than stop the meet, they waited until all the races were over to do it.

When they got to him, his entire body was blue, except for his lips . . . He didn't have any lips.

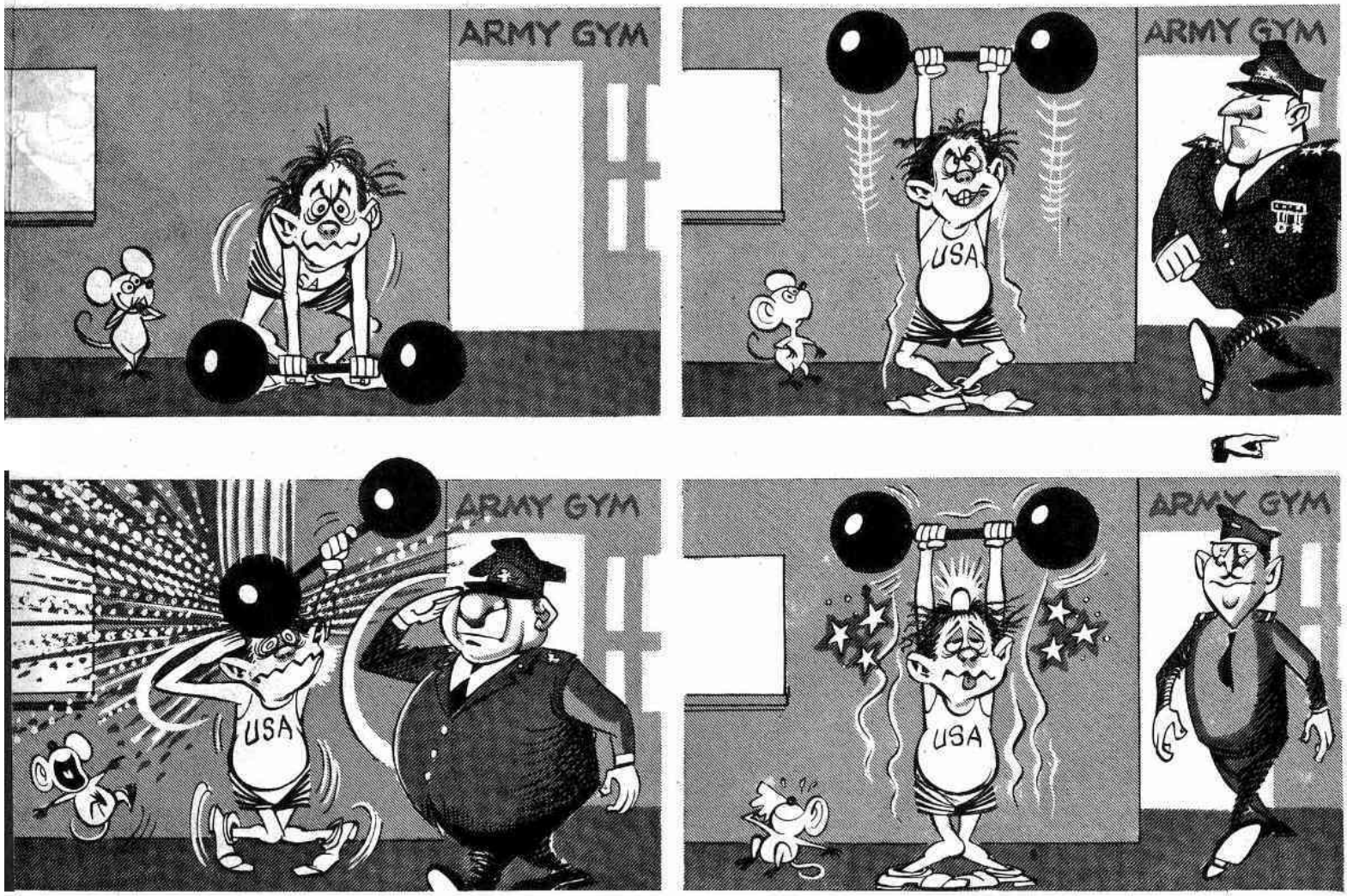


cial Time

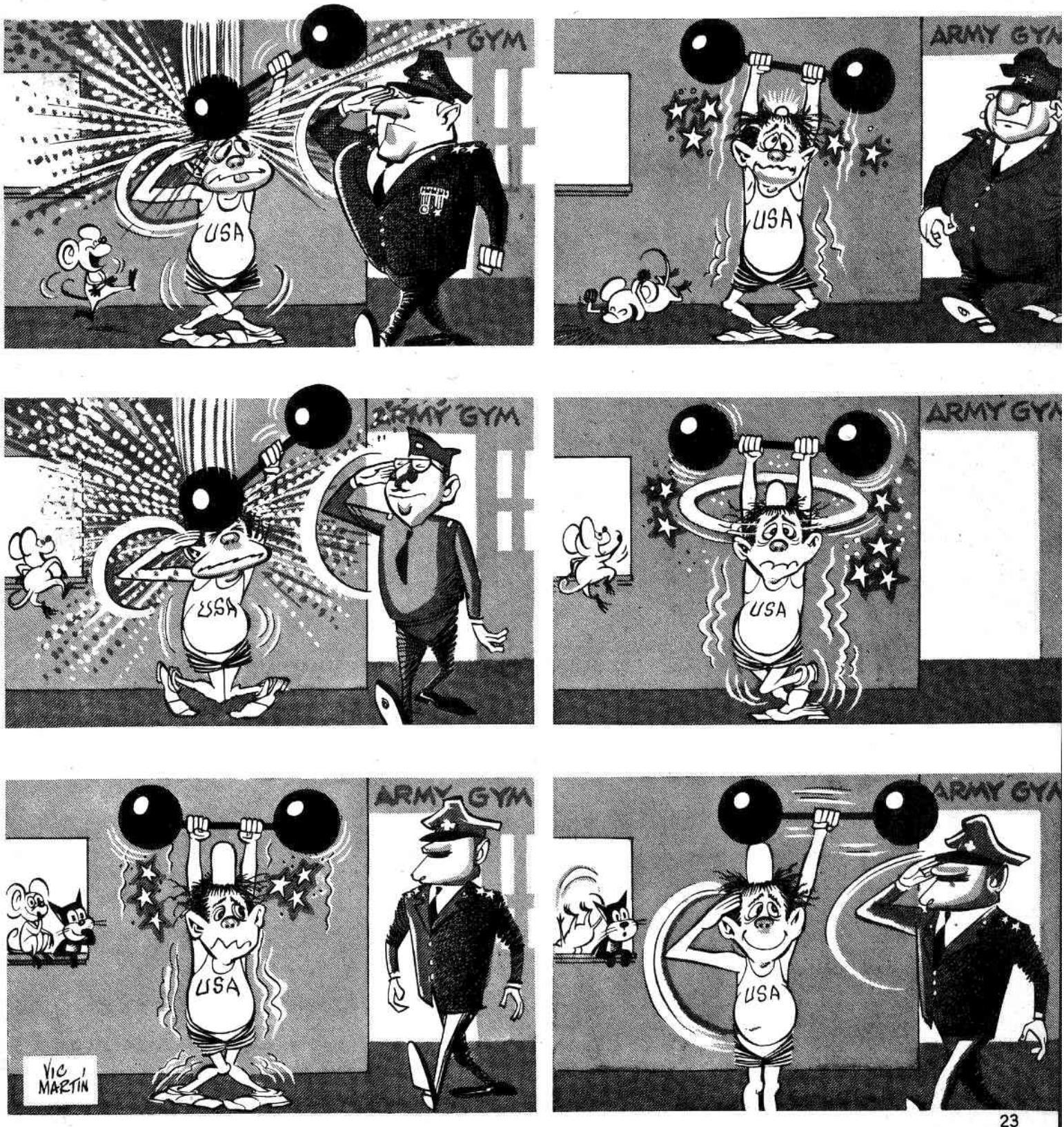
Camel time — when nothing less than a Camel will do.

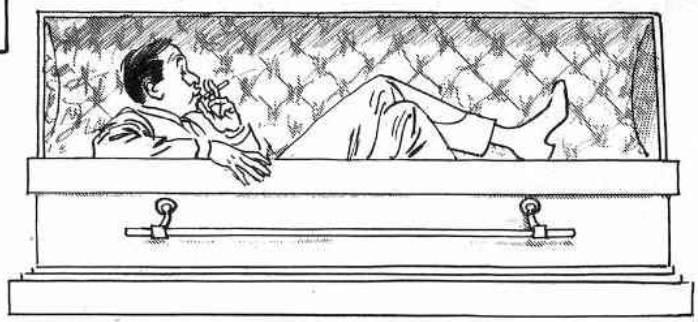
You've accomplished your mission—you can head home.

HUCKLEBERRY FINK
IN THE ARMY



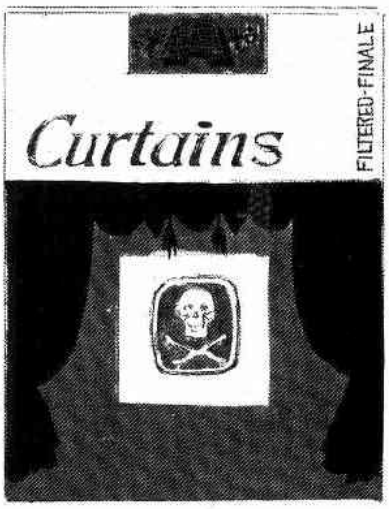
by Vic Martin





THE BIG C IGARETTE CODE

Since it was learned that cigarettes are a chief cause of several deadly diseases, the least of which is the Big C, the cigarette companies have adopted a self-imposed code of TV advertising. It was either that or the government was going to force them to print antidotes on cigarette packs. "If you should smoke one of these, wash your mouth with turpentine and call your physician." That would shake up a few chain smokers.



The code states that commercials cannot convey the idea that smoking brings about "social prominence, success or sexual attraction." The commercials can still show a stunt flyer if it ends with him crashing his plane into a building.

The only sports figures they can show are Floyd Patterson or a ball player if he is a cast-off from the New York Mets.

You know the TV cigarette commercial of Arnold Palmer sinking a 15-foot putt at an important tournament? Under the new ruling Palmer misses the putt by six feet, breaks his club over his knee and rolls over on the green, kicking his feet in the air in a temper tantrum.

The he-men dear to the hearts of cigarette admen will take on a new look. You remember the guy climbing up the side of a mountain puffing on a cigarette? Now, they show the same guy, but he gets winded and falls off the mountain. He hangs by the rope until they cut him loose.

The cigarette ads can still show attractive people smoking ciga-

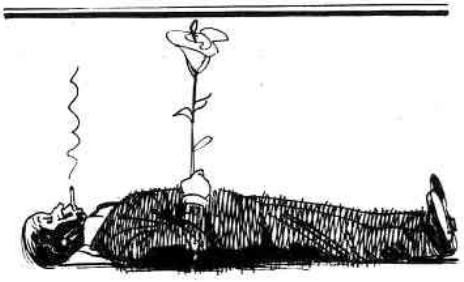
Art by Gray Morrow

rettes, but they have to be coughing.

If the ads show socially prominent people, they have to specify that cigarettes didn't make them that way.

To enforce the new code, cigarette manufacturers have appointed former Governor of New Jersey, Robert E. Meyner, as Administrator of the Cigarette Code. Governor Meyner is a good choice, he is a big vote-getter. He never lost an election. In the New Jersey Gubernatorial election he got 15,000 more votes than Governor Hughes. But in New Jersey the loser becomes Governor.

The lucky winner becomes the former Governor of New Jersey or Administrator of the Cigarette Commercial Code.



The Jeunesse Fanatics, who have been slaughtering Congolese troops, take Dawa Pills, manufactured by their witch doctors, to make them immune to bullets. The witch doctors guarantee the spear-toting Jeunesse that their enemy's bullets will turn into water. Not only do the Jeunesse tribesmen believe that, but the Congolese troops believe it too.

If you think that's wild, you should see the commercials the Jeunesse TV put on to sell those pills:

MODERN WARFARE IN THE CONGO

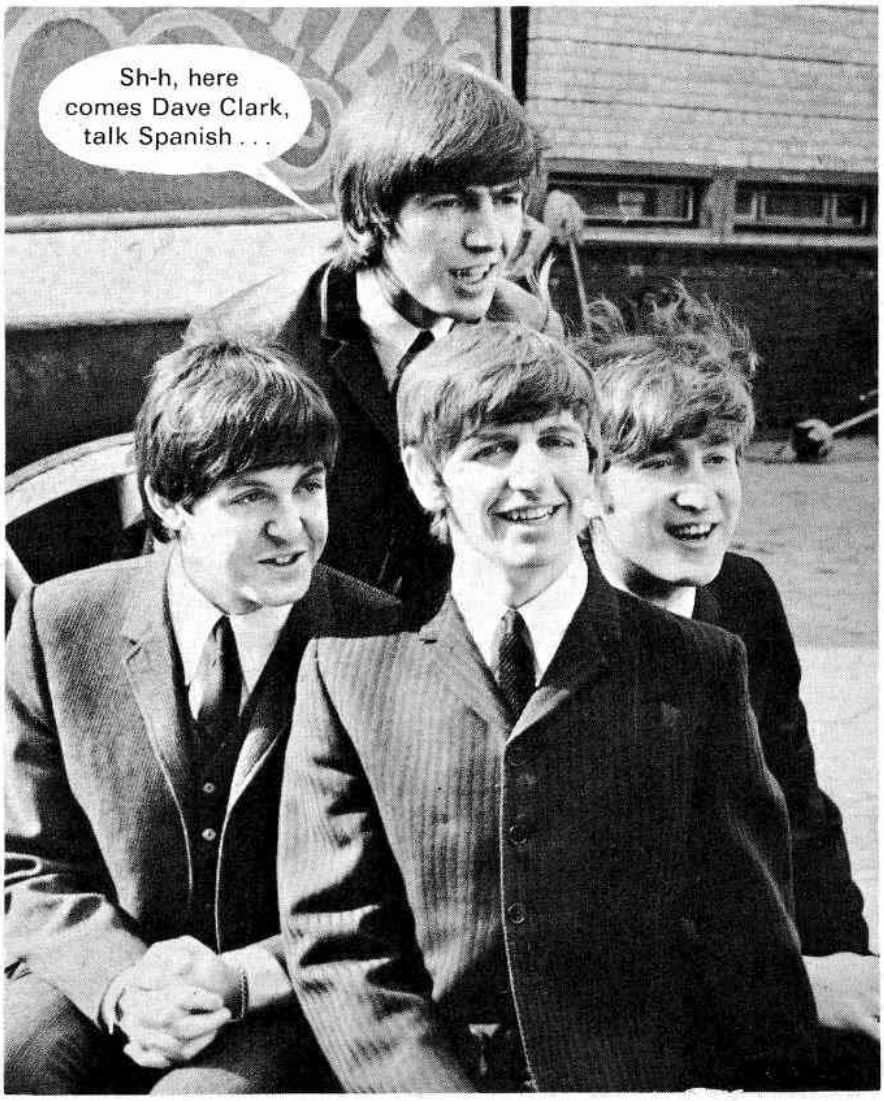
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

MOVIE REVIEW by PAUL*

* Paul Laiken, SICK Staff Writer

A Hard Day's Night describes perfectly what your SICK Reviewer went through to get to see this movie. First of all, there was a line of teenage girls that stretched out for 14 blocks. Now this was hard enough to overcome but getting through the line of pickets from the Barbers' Union was the real hassle. It was certainly a hair-raising scene. In fact, it was so crowded that one girl fainted and had to walk around the block three times before she could find a place to fall. When I finally got to the box-office there was more screaming and yelling. This time however, it was from the cashier who insisted I pay the regular admission price even though I showed her my SICK Press Card. And when I walked into the theatre it looked like World-War-Three — only a little more gory. All over the place teenagers were rolling in the aisles. Trouble was, it was the ushers they were rolling in the aisles. They say, for this performance, all the ushers took out Blue Cross. Screams of "I love John" and "I love George" filled the balcony. Actually, it was for two guys up there named John and George who were making out like crazy. When the lights dimmed and the titles flashed on the screen there was one more ear-piercing scream. It was from the girl sitting next to me. In the excitement my hand accidentally brushed across her waist.

At any rate, the movie is exactly what its title implies — A Hard Day's Night — or what a Beatle goes through to make a fortune in one evening. It's advertised as "a story of 36 hectic hours in the lives of the Beatles." Since the movie runs only 2 hours it figures that the other 34 hours that were cut out are just scenes of the Beatles going to the bank to deposit money. The critics came all ready to pan it but as it turned out they left singing its praises. Your SICK Reviewer fully agrees and thought it was even funnier than "Grapes of Wrath." Not since Vladmir Sokoloff has there been such a fine light-comedian as Ringo Starr. The following review is a scene-by-scene synopsis of the movie for all those who didn't see it. For all those who did see it you probably didn't pay much attention to the story line anyway so it doesn't matter.



The movie opens with the Beatles being chased by a mob of teenage girls who want to tear their hair out, rip off their clothes, pull them limb from limb and whatever else to show their love for them. The Beatles are racing to catch a train which will bring them to their next engagement — a Bar Mitzvah date in South Wales. Through various ingenious ways the Beatles try to escape the pursuing mob — by ducking in and out of limousines, entering doors and sticking up "MEN" signs; climbing into the back of moving hearses during funeral processions and other such gimmicks. Nothing seems to work. Finally they resort to disguises in one last attempt to elude their pursuers. Paul and George disguise themselves as 12th century Russian Cossacks and manage to pass through the crowd virtually ignored. Likewise, John disguises himself as Georgie Jessel and the disguise is so good that one of the teenage girls hands him a summons for a Paternity Suit. Ringo however, is disguised as attorney Jake Ehrlich and gets him off.

The Beatles finally board the train and here for the first time we hear them speak. Their clipped Cockney dialect is very hard to understand. They sound like Xavier Cugat doing an impression of C. Aubrey Smith. Rumor has it that Rocky Graziano was brought in as vocal coach. Nevertheless, they seemed to communicate with the American teenagers in the theatre who found their Liverpool accent refreshing and terribly intellectual — although later on in the movie, Ringo is rudely awakened in the middle of the night and is heard yelling like a boy from the Bronx.

The next scene is in the train compartment where we find Paul, still disguised in his mustache and beard, secretly hoping some producer will see him and star him in remakes of the old Jean Hersholt pictures. He is sitting with his grandfather — an old codger who looks like a cross between Percy Kilbride and Maria Ouspenskaya. With his piercing scowl, he has all the personality of an untipped waiter. Grandpa is very old. In fact, he remembers when people bought things retail. He's also a meddling old geezer who likes to disrupt people's lives — sort of a male Mary Worth. The best thing about him is that he's a clean old man. He's so clean the ring he leaves after taking a bath is whiter than the rest of the tub. When the other Beatles meet him they all remark about how clean he is and ask him how he manages it. To which the old man replies, "Dirty living." Anyhow, Grandpa has come along to look after Paul; also to see that the others behave themselves, mainly to get away from Grandma — who had just come back from Africa where she was sent to teach the Mau-Maus how to fight dirty.

Looking after the Beatles also is Shaky, their manager, who is forever urging them to stop their clowning and approach their work seriously. Actually, he's sore because they get 90% of their salary. The boys however, are noted for their horsing around. For example, they'd go into an Antique Shop and ask the clerk, "What's new?" Then they would open their mouths, move their lips but not say anything to a man wearing a hearing aid and drive him crazy. They're the kind who stop panhandlers on the street and ask THEM for money! As a matter of fact, they say it was Ringo who called up Shelley Berman during his act in Florida.

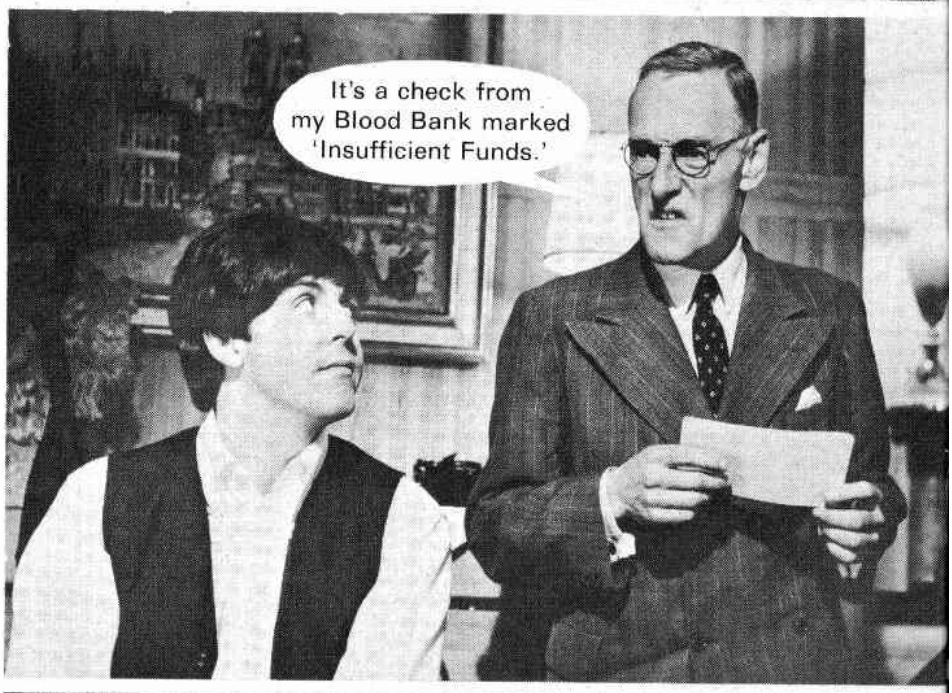
The train finally pulls into the

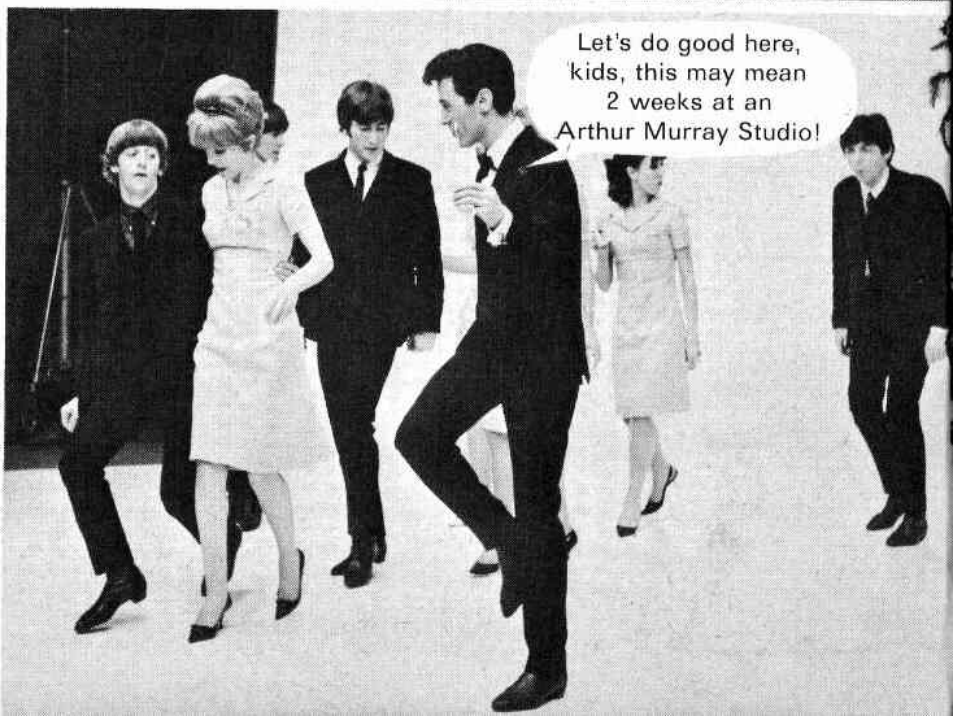
station where a new mob of hysterical young girls are on hand. This time even disguises don't work and George throws away his Frankie Darro mask. Only a bit of fantastic maneuvering gets them safely inside their waiting limousine which speeds off so quickly it forgets to take the driver. Nevertheless, we next find the quartet resting quietly in their luxurious hotel suite in a part of town that is so exclusive the Police Department there has an unlisted number.

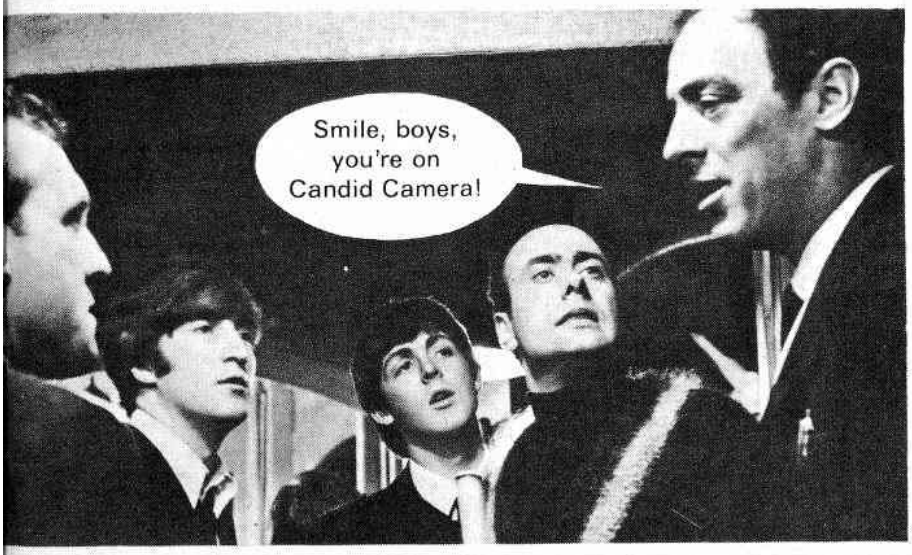
And what a hotel suite! It's so big if you phone the bedroom from the kitchen it's a long-distance call. The walls are so thick the next room is five blocks away. And so, as we see them reclining in this den of inequity, their fan mail for the day is delivered to them. The sacks are so heavy that five postmen get hernias. On closer inspection however, the Beatles discover that the bulk of the mail is misaddressed to them and what they really got are the missing letters from Scranton supporters that Mr. Percey of Illinois was supposed to deliver to the Illinois Delegation.

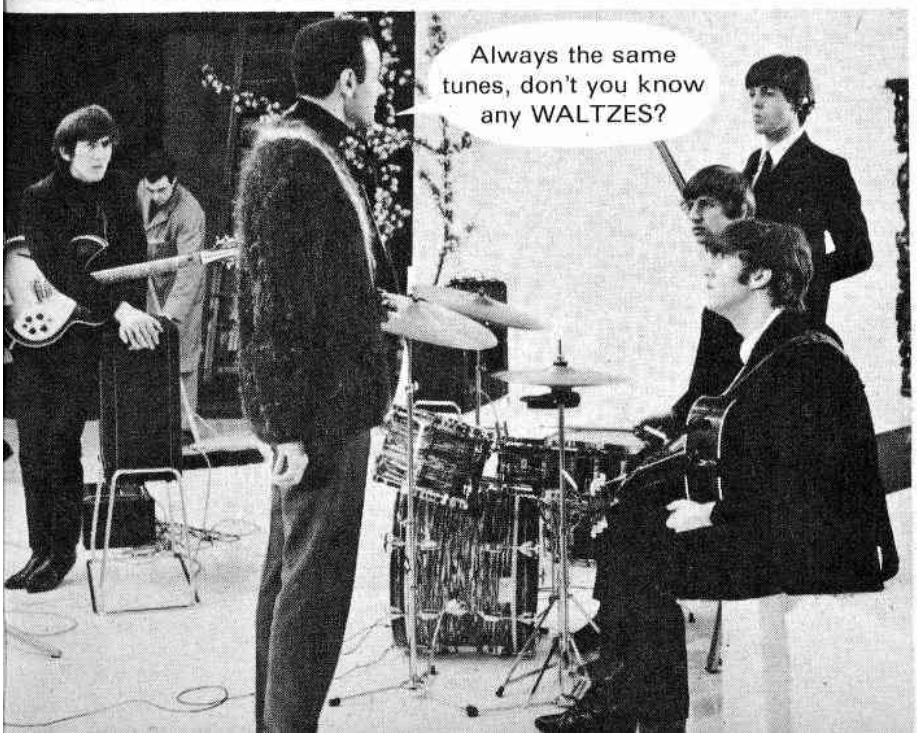
There is one letter though, addressed to Ringo. It's an invitation to attend a swank gambling casino but Grandpa talks him out of going and instead, plans to go himself.

Getting bored already after spending twenty minutes in their hotel room, the Beatles sneak out against their manager's warning and go to a nearby Nite Spot called "The Hungry Mouth" where a wild dance session is taking place. It's so wild that anyone whose feet touch the ground is asked to leave. This dance makes the Twist look like a Turkish Gavotte. It's the St. Vitus Dance set to music. Their manager finds them however, and orders them back to the hotel. There the Beatles find a waiter stripped down to his shorts and hiding in a closet. When they ask him what he's doing there the man replies philosophically, "Everybody's gotta be someplace." He tells them that Grandpa stole his tuxedoed uniform and, posing as a wealthy English Lord, has gone to the gambling casino. Quick as a flash the quartet rushes out after Grandpa because he's the kind of a poker-player who tries to fill in an inside straight by drawing three cards.









The scene now shifts to the casino where Grandpa is spending money like it was coming back into style. He drops a quarter on the floor and when a waiter picks it up he gives him a half-dollar tip. He even tips the process-server who came to give him a summons. And he's really scoring at the dice table. He makes seven the hard way — two fours. With him is a very sexy blonde. She makes Anita Ekberg look like a boy. She's wearing a low-cut dress and she certainly shows Grandpa her heart's in the right place. When the Beatle's arrive they rescue Grandpa from her clutches and pay the big bill he has run up out of petty cash.

We next find the Beatles in the TV studio where they're rehearsing a Special. On hand is Lionel Blair, England's "Mr. Show Biz" and a line of 18 chorus girls who are a real sensation because there are only 17 costumes. The press has been invited to interview the boys before the show and here the Beatles really shine. They give some very funny answers to the usual hack questions. For example: "What's your real name?" "J. Edward Bromberg." "Why did you change it?" "It sounded too Italian." "Have you lived in Liverpool all your life?" "No, only up until now." "Where can I get a hold of you?" "No place, I'm ticklish." They keep this up for a while then leave when they find out they're not getting any laughs.

When the Beatles finally come on stage for rehearsal the girls really go wild and some start to tear their hair out — which is great if you happen to like bald-headed girls. The Beatles sing a whole new bunch of songs written by John and Paul. Among them are, "I Can't Get Over A Girl Like You — Get Out Of Bed And Answer The Phone For Yourself!" Also, "I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes 'Cause The Girl In My Arms Is A Cop!" And the ever popular, "I Wanna Hold Your Hand — So Please Get It Out Of My Pocket!" The boys are in rare form and when they sing they shake the rafters. And it isn't easy — singing, then going out to the rafters and shaking them. The girls really go berserk over this. They start throwing down ushers from the balcony as sacrificial offerings to their Gods.

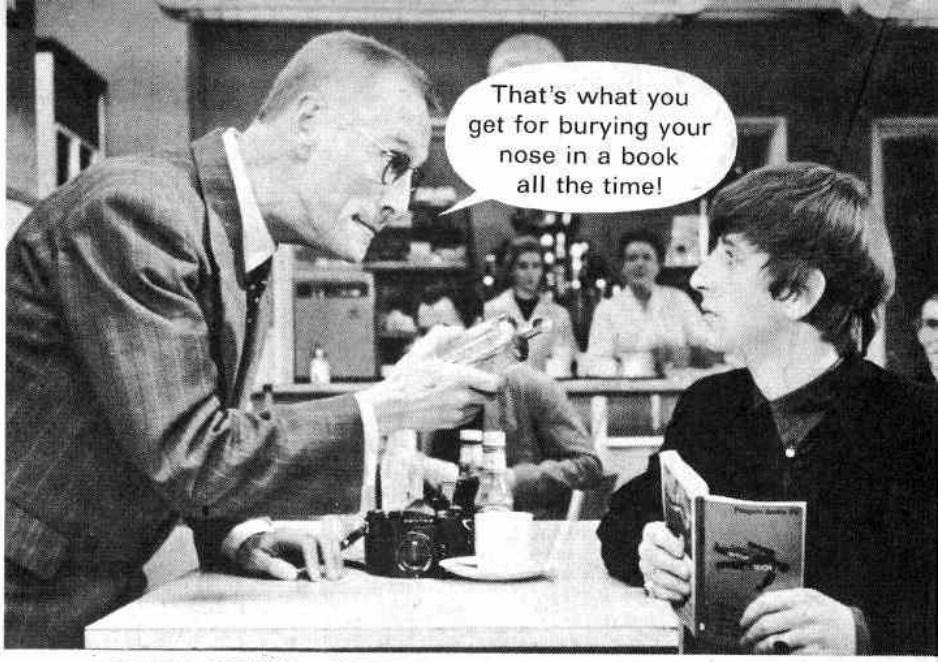
After the rehearsal, Grandpa and Ringo are shown seated at a table in the Studio Commissary. While Grandpa is looking at a sign saying "Watch Your Hat and Coat" somebody steals his cup of coffee. Ringo is seen with his nose buried in a book — which is a good trick considering it's Ringo.

Anyhow, Grandpa tells Ringo that he's too good to be a working musician and what he should do is get a good steady job — like selling sleeping pills to Hollywood starlets — or renting the rice concession at Tommy Manville weddings. This puts a bug in Ringo's mind so he puts down the book he's been reading, "Poems by Nick Kenny" — and leaves the Commissary to do a little soul-searching. He decides to wander about the city looking for truth. In order to roam about without being bothered by fans, Ringo puts on an oversize coat and a big old dirty cap which makes him look like Pete the Tramp. His disguise is so good that somebody mistakes him for Howard Hughes.

With this, he wanders about until he comes across a young boy rolling a tire. The boy reminds him of his own youth — who's also a big boy by now — and together they set out on their adventure. They pass many interesting sights along the way but none of them will have anything to do with the two boys. So Ringo decides to go it alone.

Meanwhile, in order to pick up a few extra bucks for himself, Grandpa forges autographs on photos of the Beatles and attempts to sell them to the crowd of teenage girls outside the studio. The girls mob around and practically knock him over — causing the photos to fall in the mud and this is when the cops arrest Grandpa for selling dirty pictures to teenagers.

Simultaneously, in another part of town, Ringo also gets into trouble with the Law for disturbing the peace — namely, causing a girl to fall for him — right into an open ditch actually, after Ringo lay down his coat for her to walk on over a puddle. It seems this girl didn't know her Ringo from a hole in the ground.



And so Ringo and Grandpa are both brought to the Station House and arrive there at the same time. Ringo asks for his lawyer but it seems the lawyer is in trouble himself—something about trying to break a girl's will. Grandpa escapes however, right under the noses of the cops, by disguising himself as Willie Sutton. He rushes back to the TV Studio to tell the boys where Ringo is. The boys have been looking for Ringo all over town—in bars, pool halls, delicatessens—all over. They now rush to the Station House to bring back Ringo as they're due for a live TV show in an hour.

What follows is a comedy classic. They rush in and grab Ringo and rush out again followed by every cop in the precinct. It's a regular Keystone Kops comedy chase and is so wild it makes the Charge Of The Light Brigade look like a slow-motion newsreel. The cops become so bugged by the Beatles that they threaten to turn them over to the Dallas Police for protective custody.

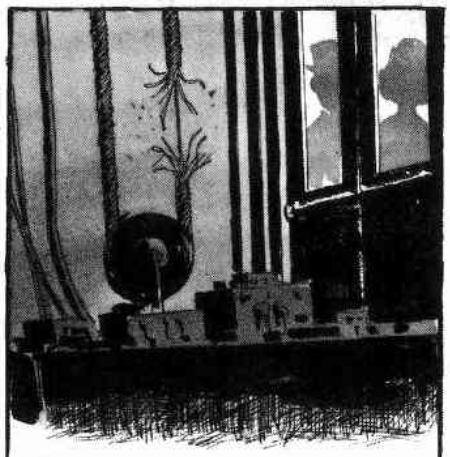
With two minutes to air time the quartet finally arrives at the Studio for the telecast. The Beatles sing a few hundred more tunes and John closes the show by whistling a medley of dirty songs.

The movie ends with the Beatles enroute to their next engagement—a split-week at Loew's Pitkin. A zeppelin is shown waiting for them and as they climb aboard we see that some wise guy wrote the name "Hindenburg" on it. They have nothing to worry about however, as long as they don't fly over New Jersey.

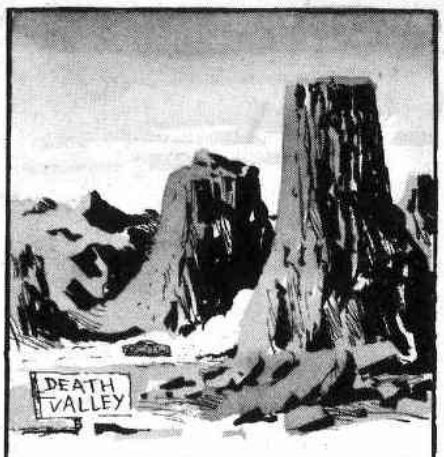
All in all, your SICK Reviewer feels that this is one of the all-time great classics—in the tradition of "The Horn Blows At Midnight," "Palm Springs Weekend," and the old Pinky Tomlin pictures. All kidding aside, it's really a gas and you should all go see it. As well as being fine singers the Beatles prove that they're funny too—which is more than you can say about this review of their movie...

Produced by Walter Shenson and directed by Richard Lester from a screenplay by Alun Owen, the movie introduces six new songs written by Beatles John and Paul. The six new tunes, plus a group of instrumentals are included in the originalsoundtrack album released by United Artists Records.

"There's a full moon out tonight, darling. Come, let's take a stroll thru Central Park.."



"That's ridiculous, Shirley! What can possibly go wrong riding in an elevator..."



"Whee-e, darling, this is really wonderful! First time I've ever been out in an Edsel..."

FAMOUS LAST

"Just routine surgery, eh, Doc? All right, give me the paper then, and I'll sign it..."

"Let's dig down at this end, Smedley. The mine shaft looks sturdier here..."

"You're safe from that lynch mob now, Rufus. The Dallas Police will protect you..."

"Another train coming toward us on the same track? That's ridiculous, Jenkins, you've been drinking again..."

"You gotta be an idiot to believe in Government reports! Go out and bring me another carton of cigarettes..."

"Don't worry, honey, Lovers Lane is the safest place for us to park. Nobody will bother us here..."

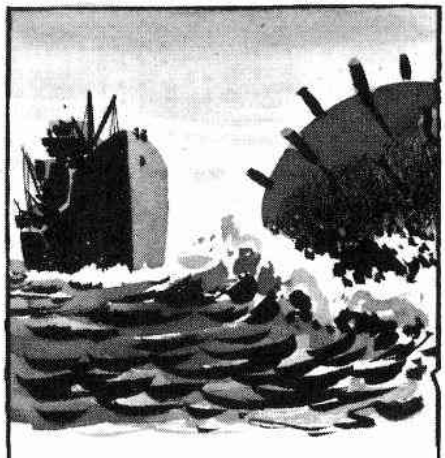
"Bartender, (hic), lesh jush have one more (hic) for the road..."

"Nonsense, I never keep my door locked! Who'd want to bother an old lady..."

"I'm really tired tonight. No harm in taking a few extra sleeping pills..."

WORDS FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES

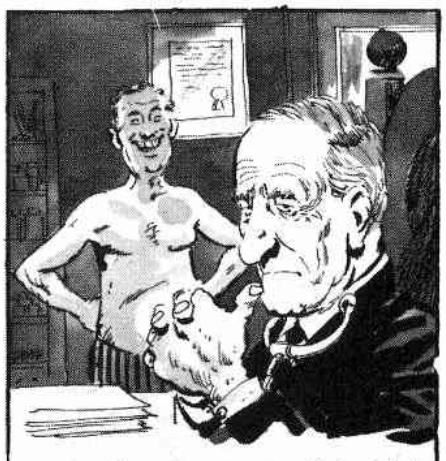
"You shylocks don't scare me! You'll get the money when I'm ready and not a minute before..."



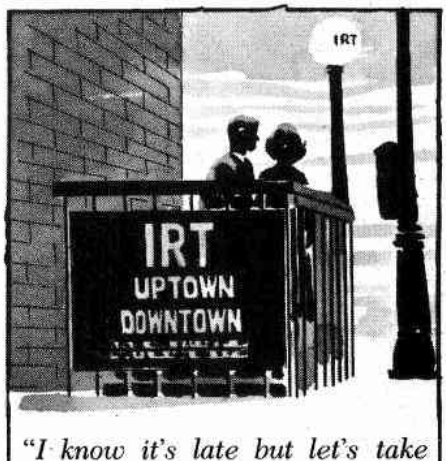
"Dont be silly, Mumford, oil tankers have hundreds of safety devices. It can't possibly explode..."

"Gosh, I'm sleepy. Think I'll light up one more cigarette before (yawn) dozing off..."

"It's only a blanket fog out there, Senator. Don't worry about it, the pilot can bring us in by radar..."



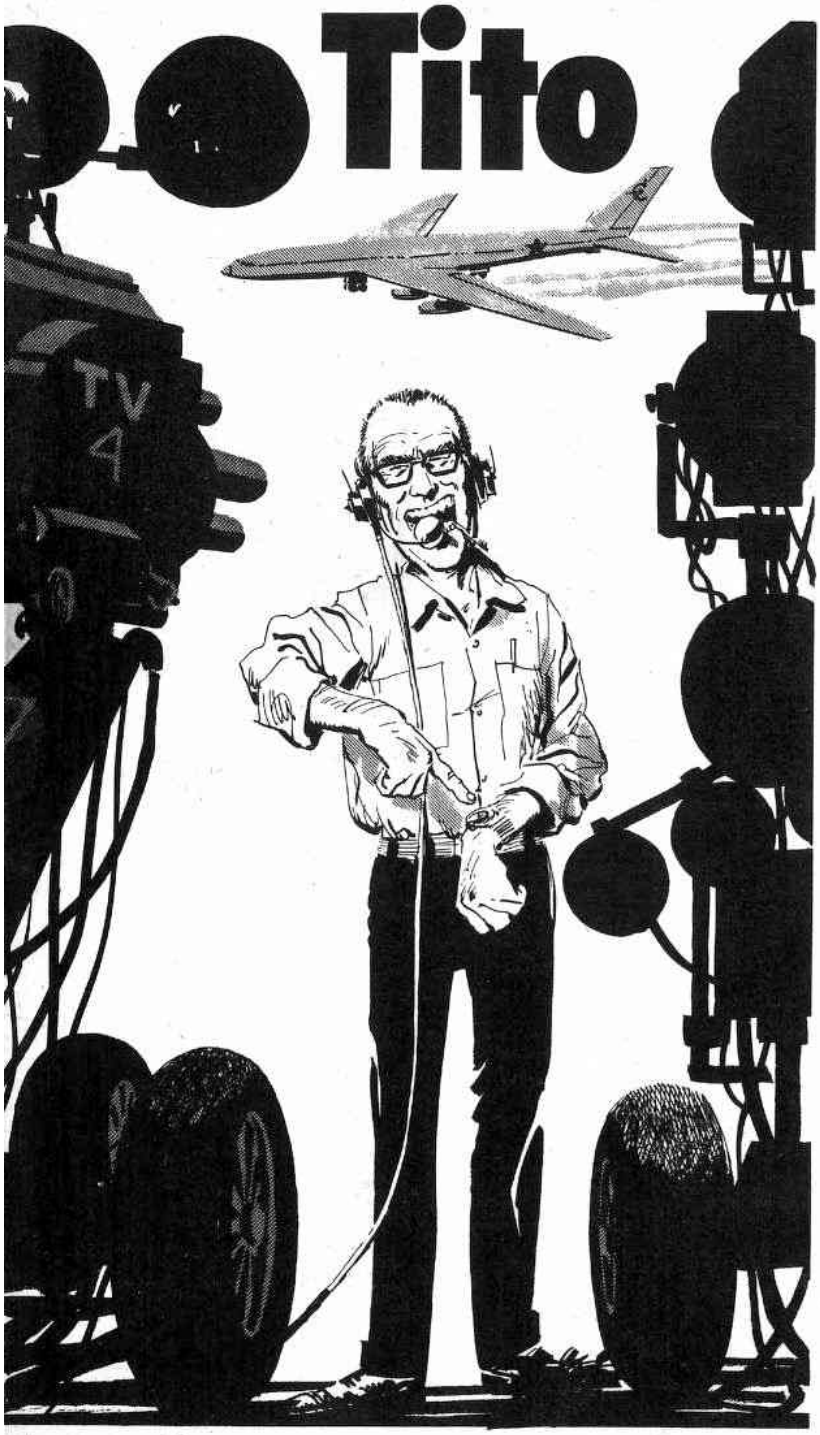
"Why the gloomy face? I think it's indigestion, Doc, I only came in for a checkup..."



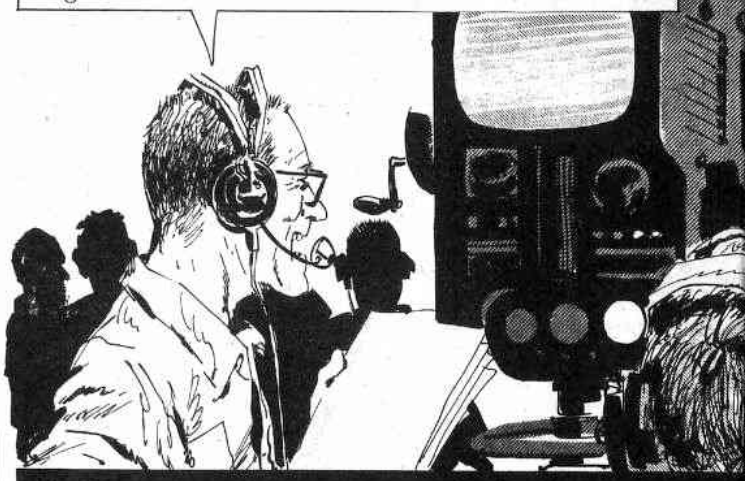
"I know it's late but let's take the subway home, Martha. They say it's the safest ride in the world..."

Yugoslav President Marshal Tito and Russian Premier Nickita Khrushchev recently met in Leningrad. Here is the TV director at the scene taping the historic meeting for posterity.

Nicky and Tito



Here comes Marshal Tito out of the plane. Look surprised, Nickie Baby, you haven't seen Marsh for some time. Now, Marsh, approach Nickie. Both smile. Shake hands, now hug each other. That's it — a big hug. Now Kiss.

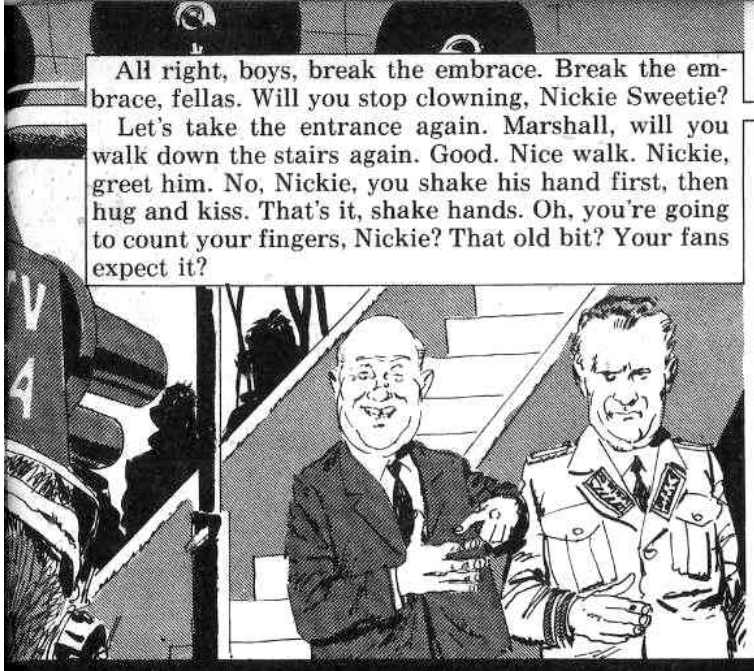


Wave bye, bye into the camera. Isn't that adorable? Nickie, you're going to hold up two fingers behind Marsh's head. You think that will get a laugh. You did it to Gromyko last week and it got a scream?

Now, Marsh, approach the microphones and say a few words: *"I'm glad to be here in — — — "*. Why is he hesitating? Come on, Marsh, just say *"I'm glad to be here in Russia."* Tell him, he's in Russia. Okay, start again. *"Glad to be here in Russia to discuss the Peking-Soviet split."* Good. Now, give us the growl on that, Nickie.

All right, boys, break the embrace. Break the embrace, fellas. Will you stop clowning, Nickie Sweetie?

Let's take the entrance again. Marshall, will you walk down the stairs again. Good. Nice walk. Nickie, greet him. No, Nickie, you shake his hand first, then hug and kiss. That's it, shake hands. Oh, you're going to count your fingers, Nickie? That old bit? Your fans expect it?



All right, now let's do the hug and kiss again. Yes, Nickie, the pinch is a funny touch. Now, stand side by side for a two-shot. No, fellas, don't hold hands for this shot.

Now, Nickie introduce Nina to Marshal Tito. Who is Nina? Your wife! Remember? The fat lady standing next to you in the house dress.

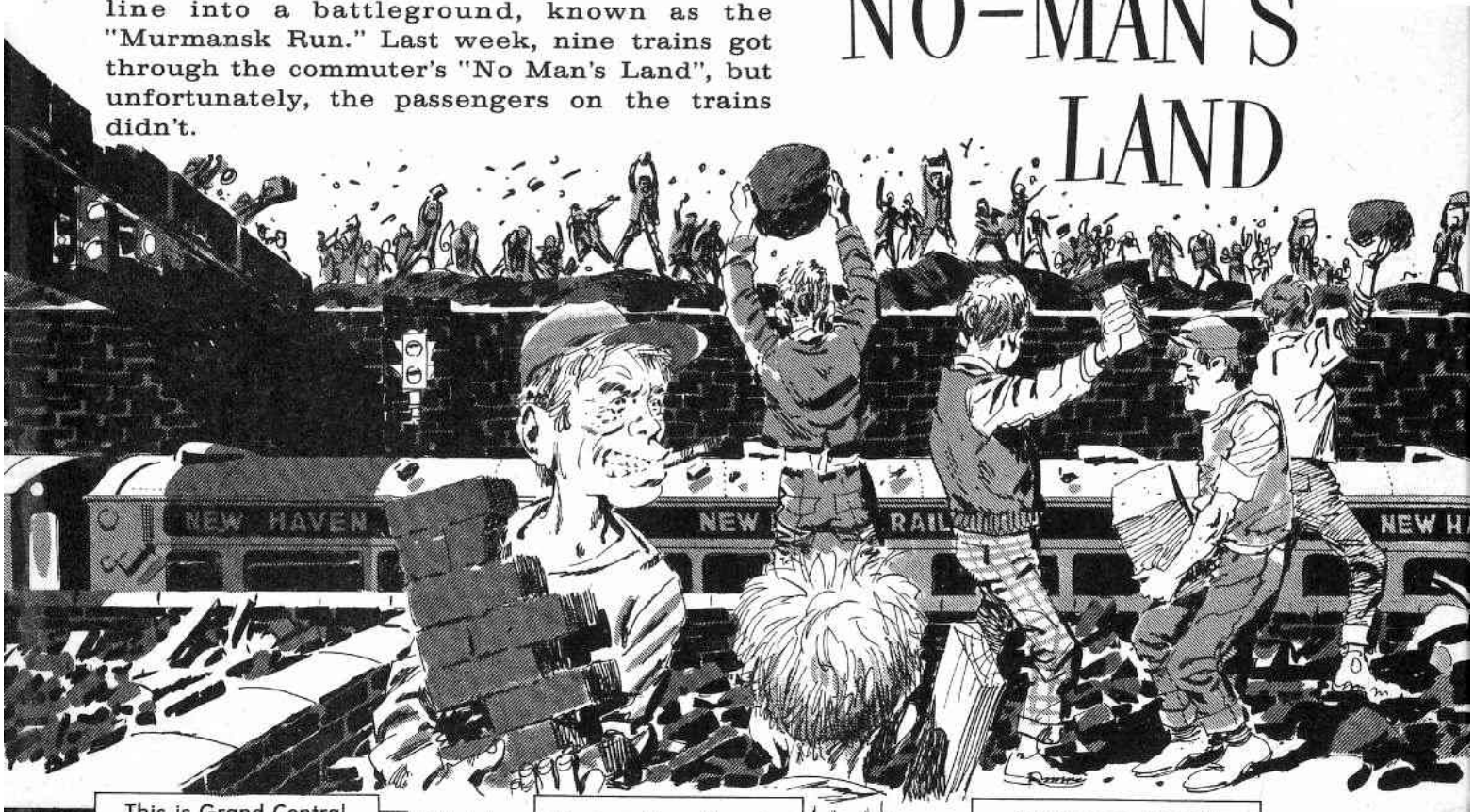
That's right, Marsh, shake hands with Nina. Do you want to hug and kiss Nina? No, just the handshake. That's the most we can get Nickie to do. Now, Marsh, introduce your wife, Mrs. Tito, to Nickie. Oh, that's not Mrs. Tito. That's your traveling secretary. I see. No, Nickie, angel, don't hug and kiss Tito's traveling secretary. How are we going to explain that to the peasants.

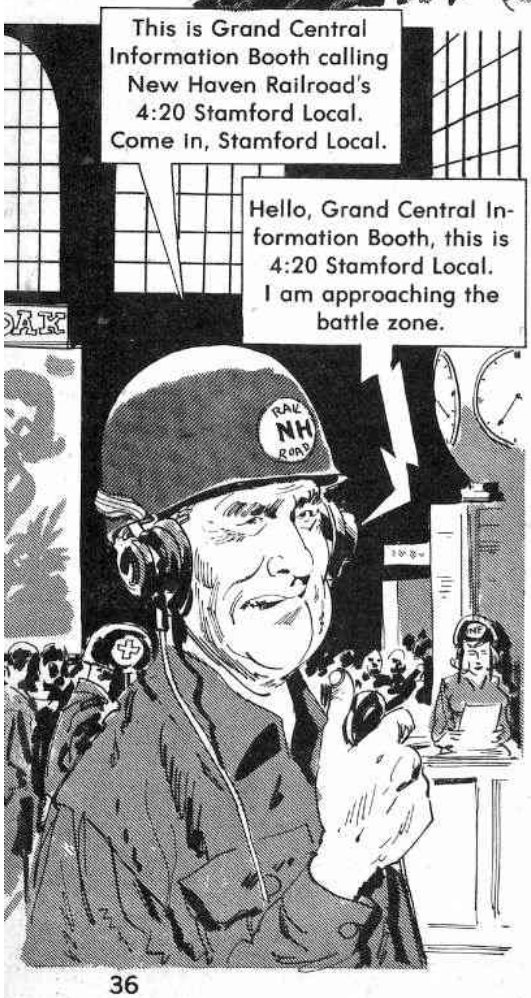
Growl. Nick. Mao Tse-Tsung, Nickie. There's the growl. That's my baby. That does it, guys. Thanks. Why is Tito going back into the plane? Get him out here.

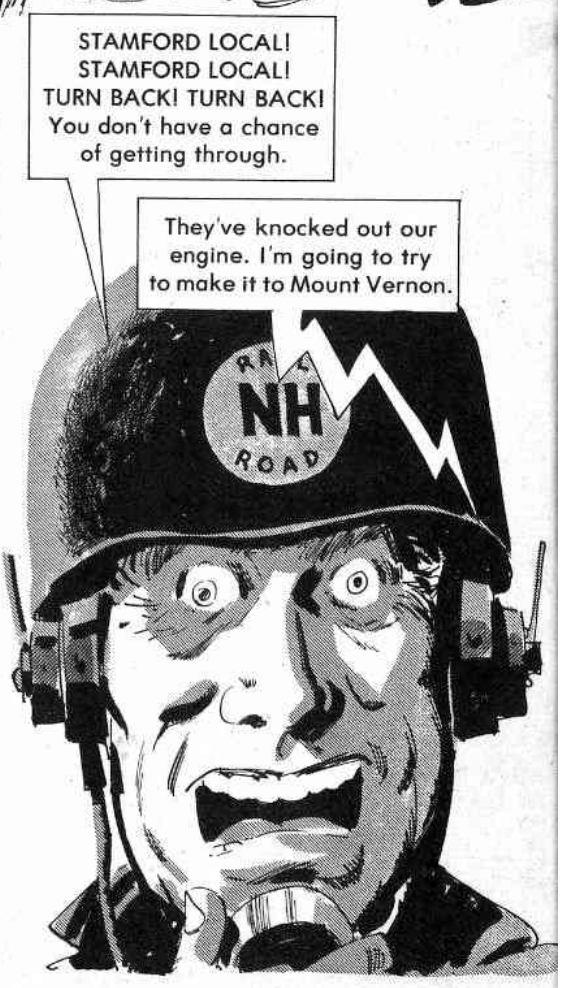
Hello, Larry, back at the studio, you read me? We'll edit out Nickie's clinch with Tito's traveling secretary. Otherwise, the rest can go as is. Be sure to show Nickie's good side... What's that, Lar? What do you mean, Nickie doesn't have a good side?

RAILROAD NO-MAN'S LAND

The latest outdoor sport practiced by New York City vandals is heaving stones and heavier missiles at passing New Haven RR trains. These attacks have become so violent that they have turned portions of the New Haven commuter line into a battleground, known as the "Murmansk Run." Last week, nine trains got through the commuter's "No Man's Land", but unfortunately, the passengers on the trains didn't.

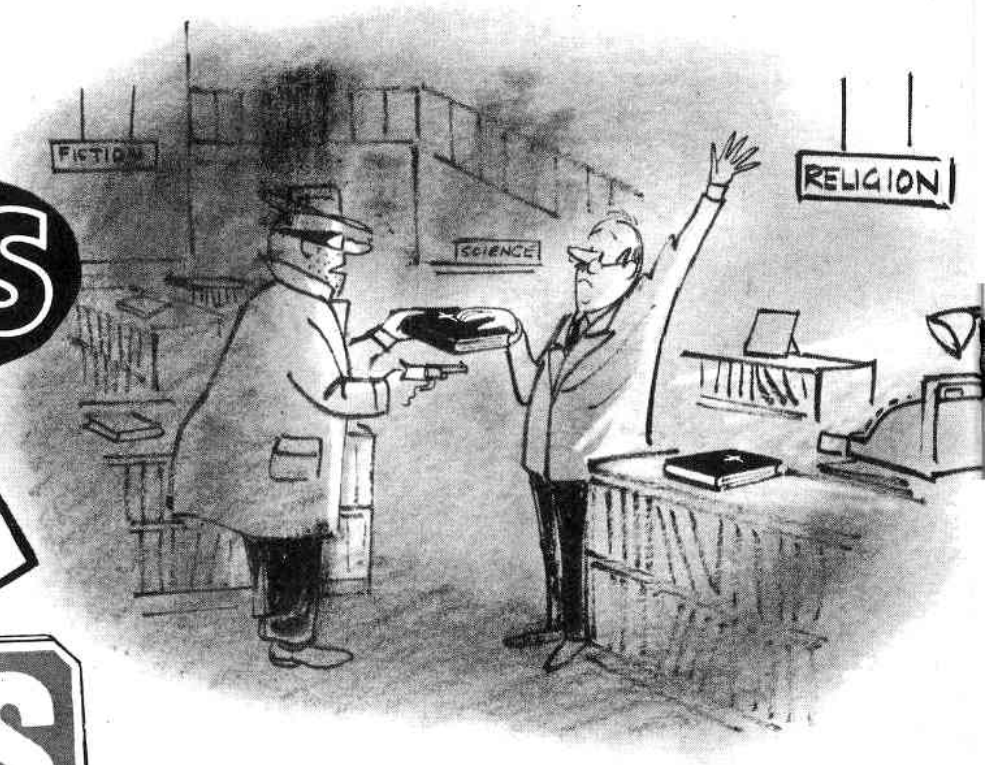




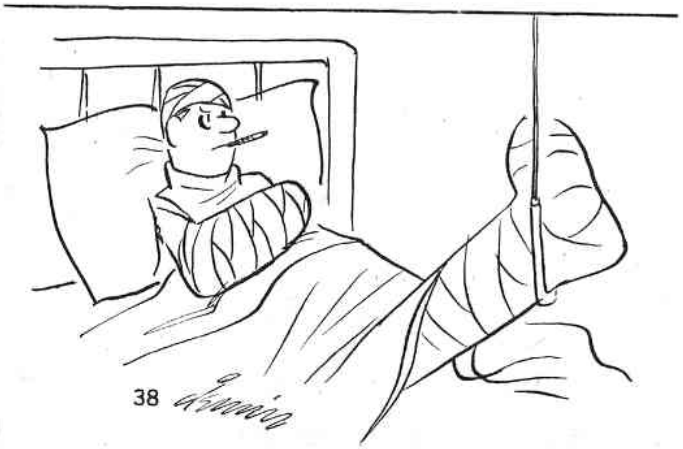


Don't be a fool, man. Turn back, while there's still time. That's an order. Hello? Stamford 4:20 Local. Grand Central calling — Can you hear me? Report in, please.
Another one lost. Where will it end?
SURGERY
What's wrong, Cliff?
The 4:20 Local to Stamford — hit by heavy fire past 138th Street.
NEW HAVEN
STAMF
NEW
NH
Snap out of it, Cliff, we've lost trains before.
My son was on that train.
Gary? But he was just a kid. A foolish, brave kid.
I didn't bring my kid up to be a trainman, Chet. When he reached 18, he just signed up.
Just a kid — a foolishly, brave kid.
Don't you see, Chet? He couldn't stand idly by while other men fought his battle. Martha and I told him not to go. He wouldn't listen.
A kid — a bravely, foolish kid.
Now, we've lost that foolishly, brave — bravely foolish kid...
Pardon me, could you tell me what time the next train leaves for Mamaroneck?
All right, I'll tell you... but that's not going to bring my son back.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES



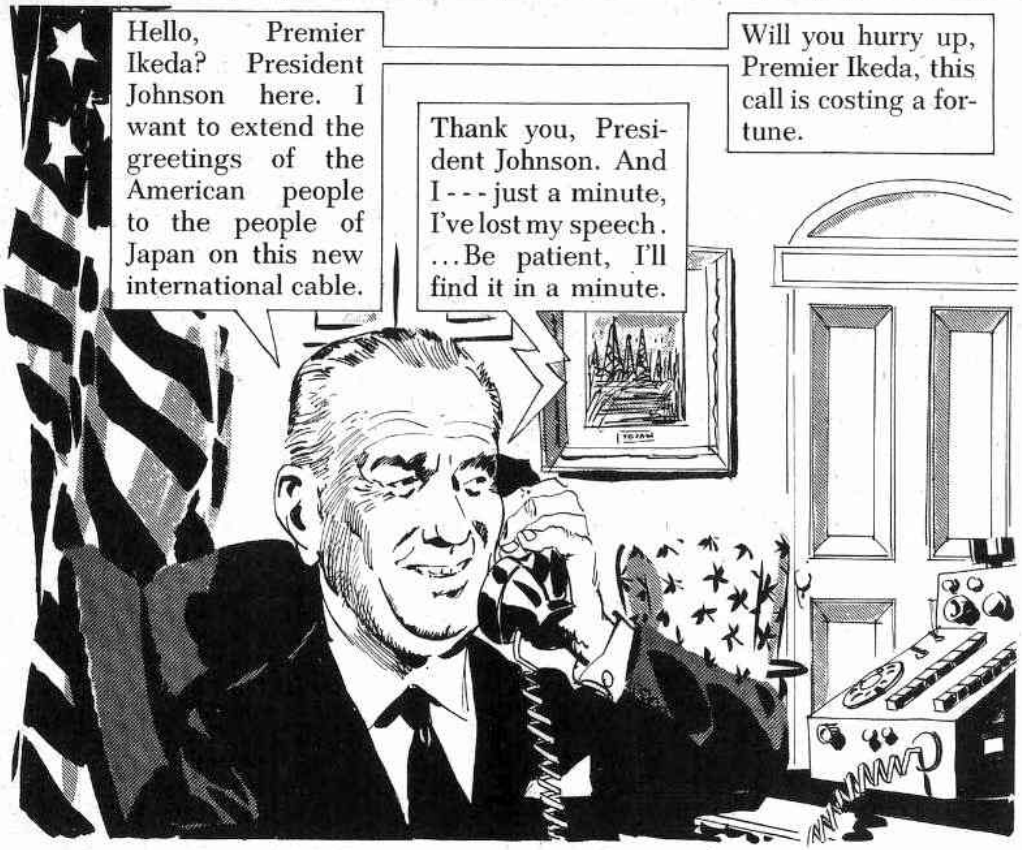
"Now let's try it again. Where's the rest of the dough?"



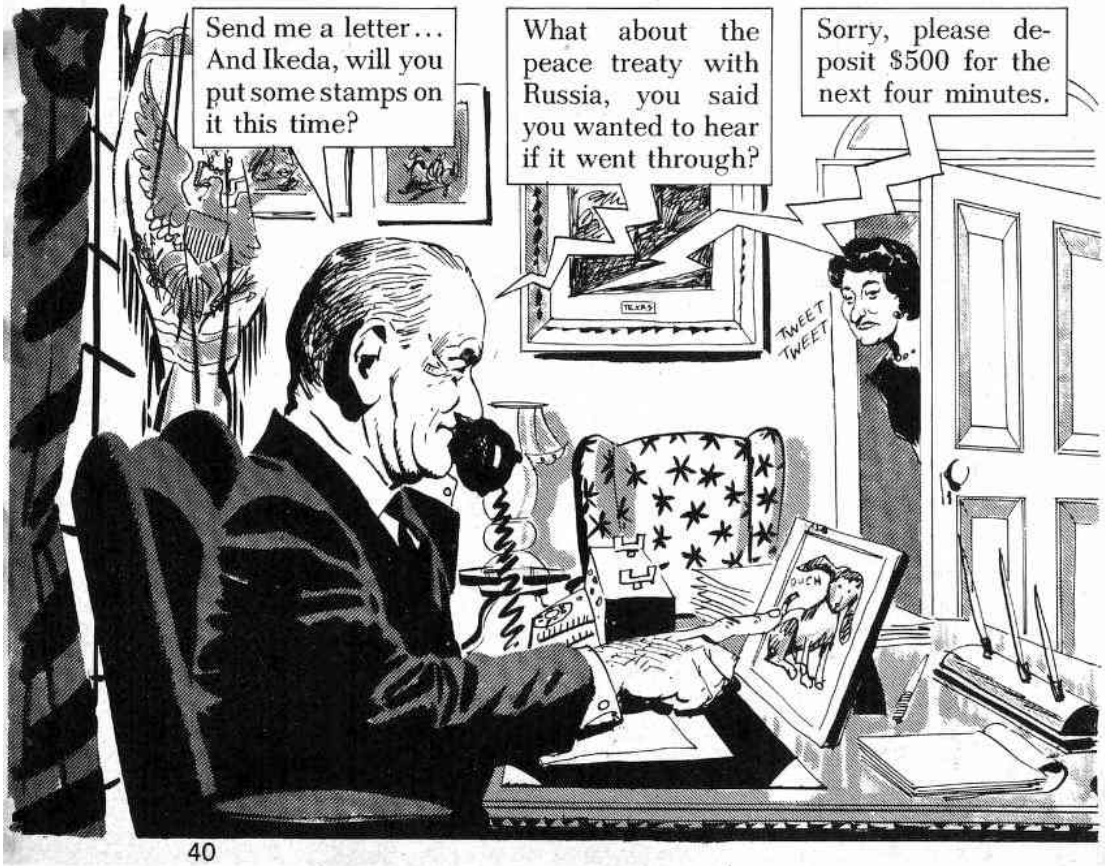
Ex King is 70

Edward, Duke of Windsor, was 70 this year. He and the Duchess spent his birthday quietly at home.

NEW TELEPHONE TRANS-



A new communications cable linking Japan with the United States was inaugurated last month with a phone call by President Johnson to Japan's Premier Ikeda. Bearing in mind our President's penny pinching binge, the call could have sounded like this —

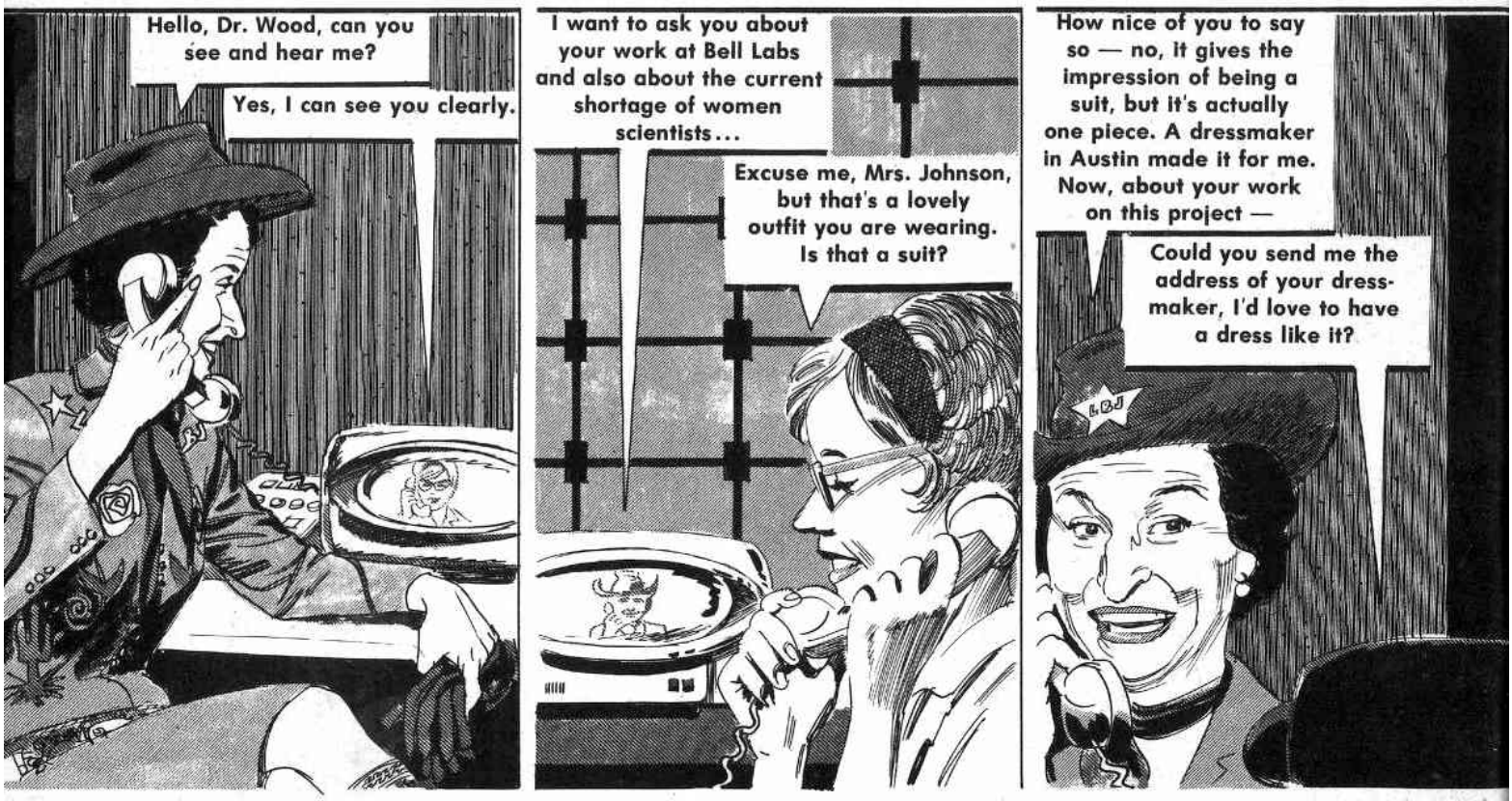


PACIFIC PHONE CALL

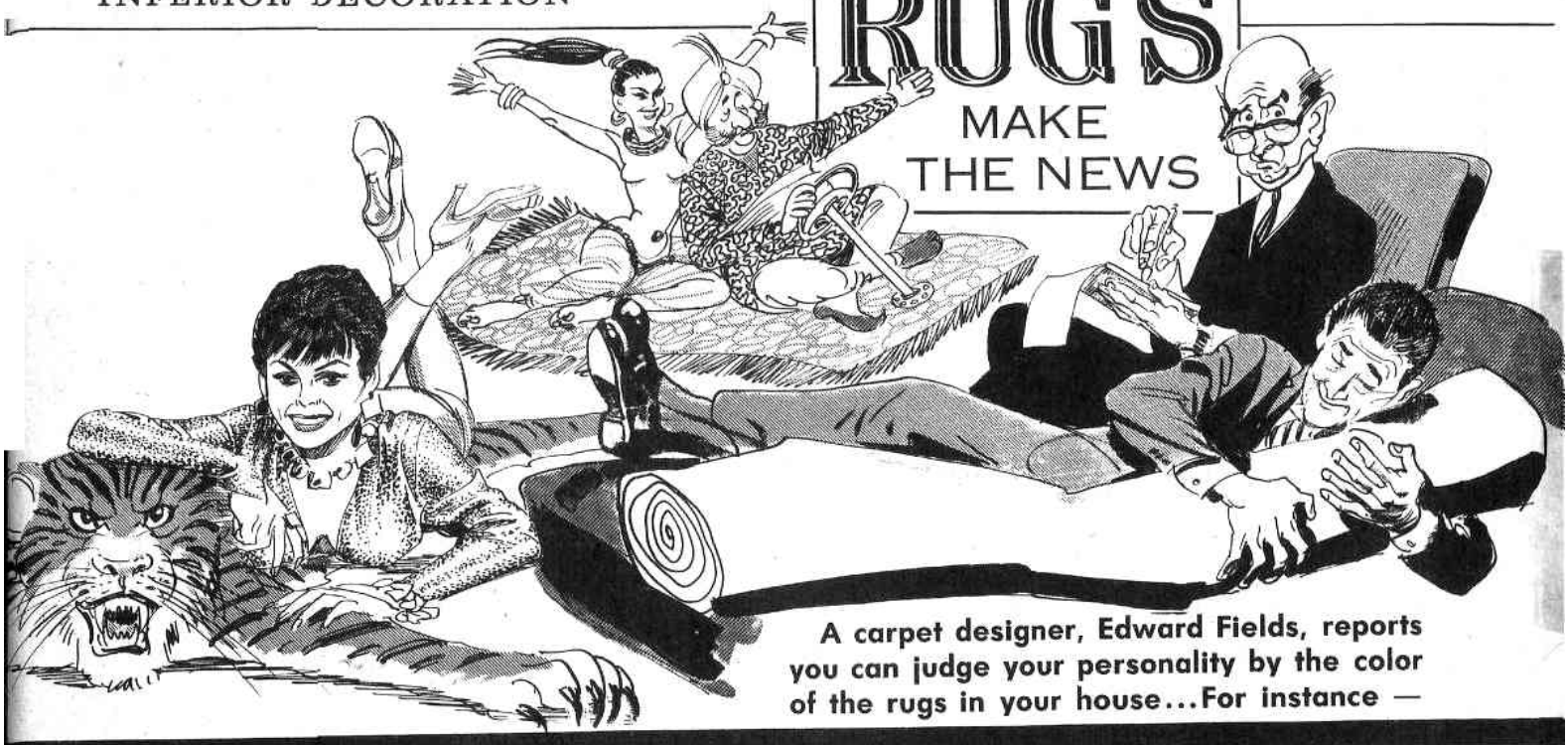
Continued on next page

The new picture-phone telephone service was inaugurated between New York and Washington by Mrs. Ladybird Johnson who spoke to Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, a Bell Telephone scientist. The historic call may have indicated some of the disadvantages of the "see-as-you-talk" service.

PICTURE PHONES



RUGS MAKE THE NEWS

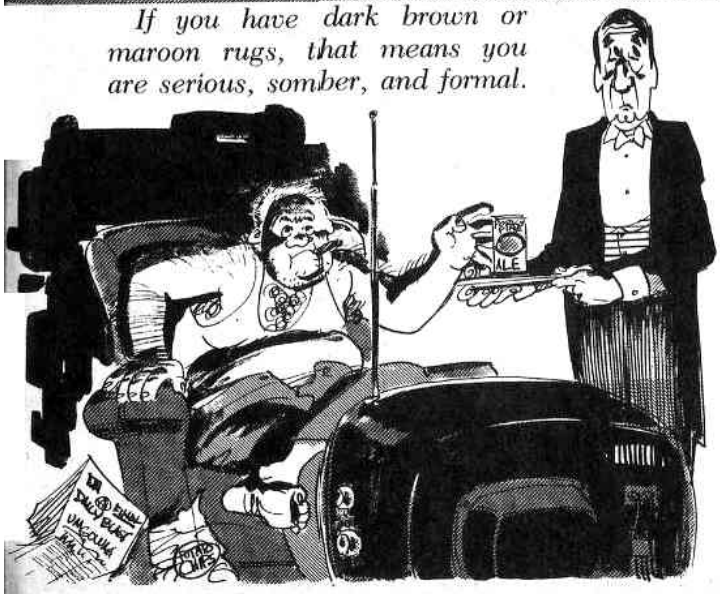


A carpet designer, Edward Fields, reports you can judge your personality by the color of the rugs in your house... For instance —

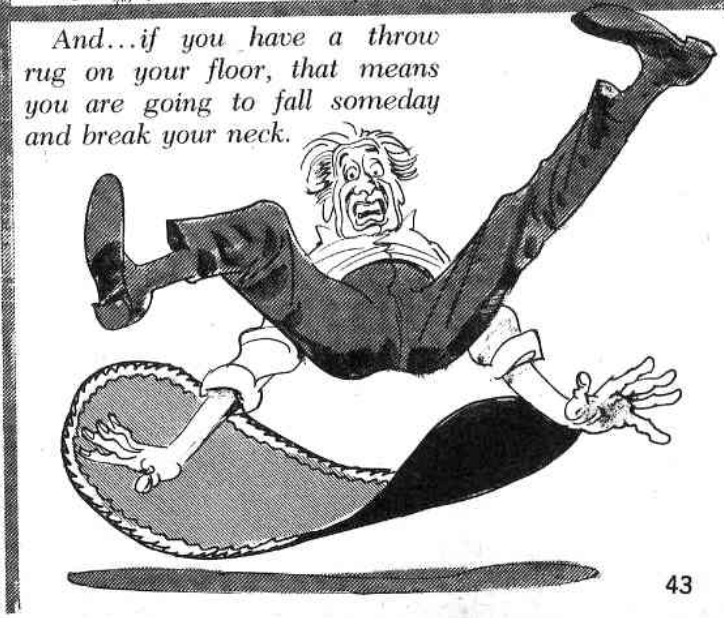
If you have red, orange, or yellow rugs, that means you are good-humored and amusing...

If you have blue or green rugs, that means you are calm. Tan rugs mean you are conservative.

If you have dark brown or maroon rugs, that means you are serious, somber, and formal.



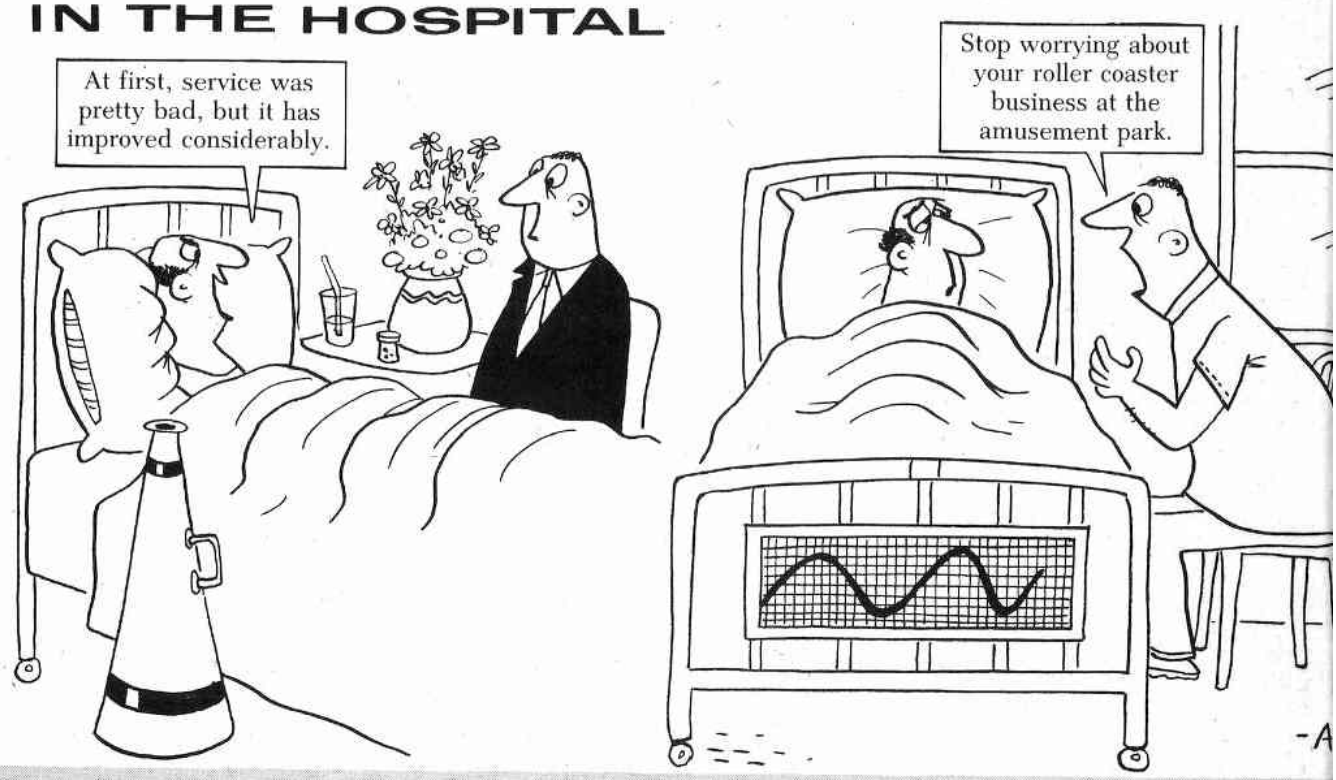
And...if you have a throw rug on your floor, that means you are going to fall someday and break your neck.



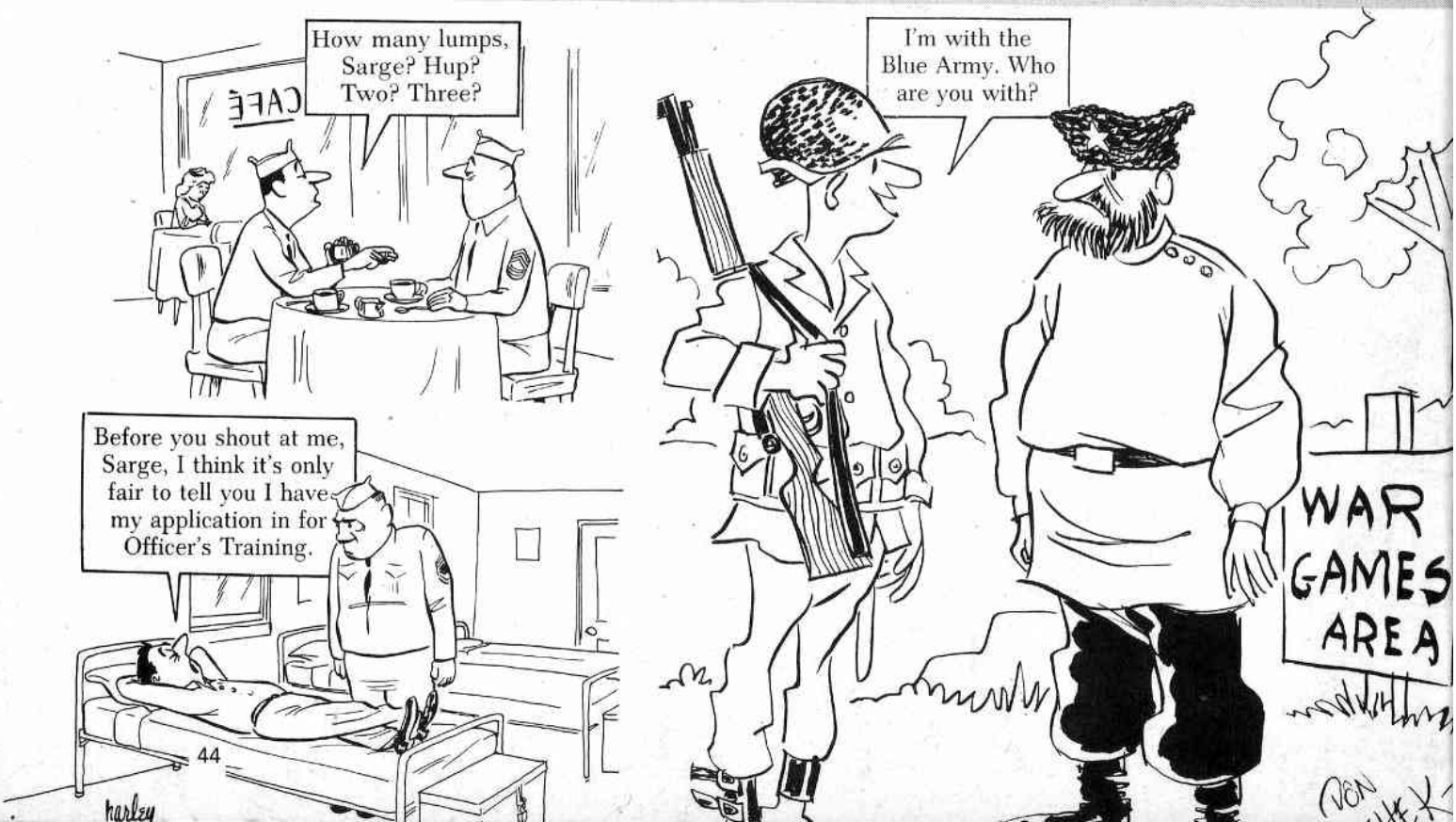
WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT - YOU'LL BE SKETCH-ED--

CANDID CAR

IN THE HOSPITAL



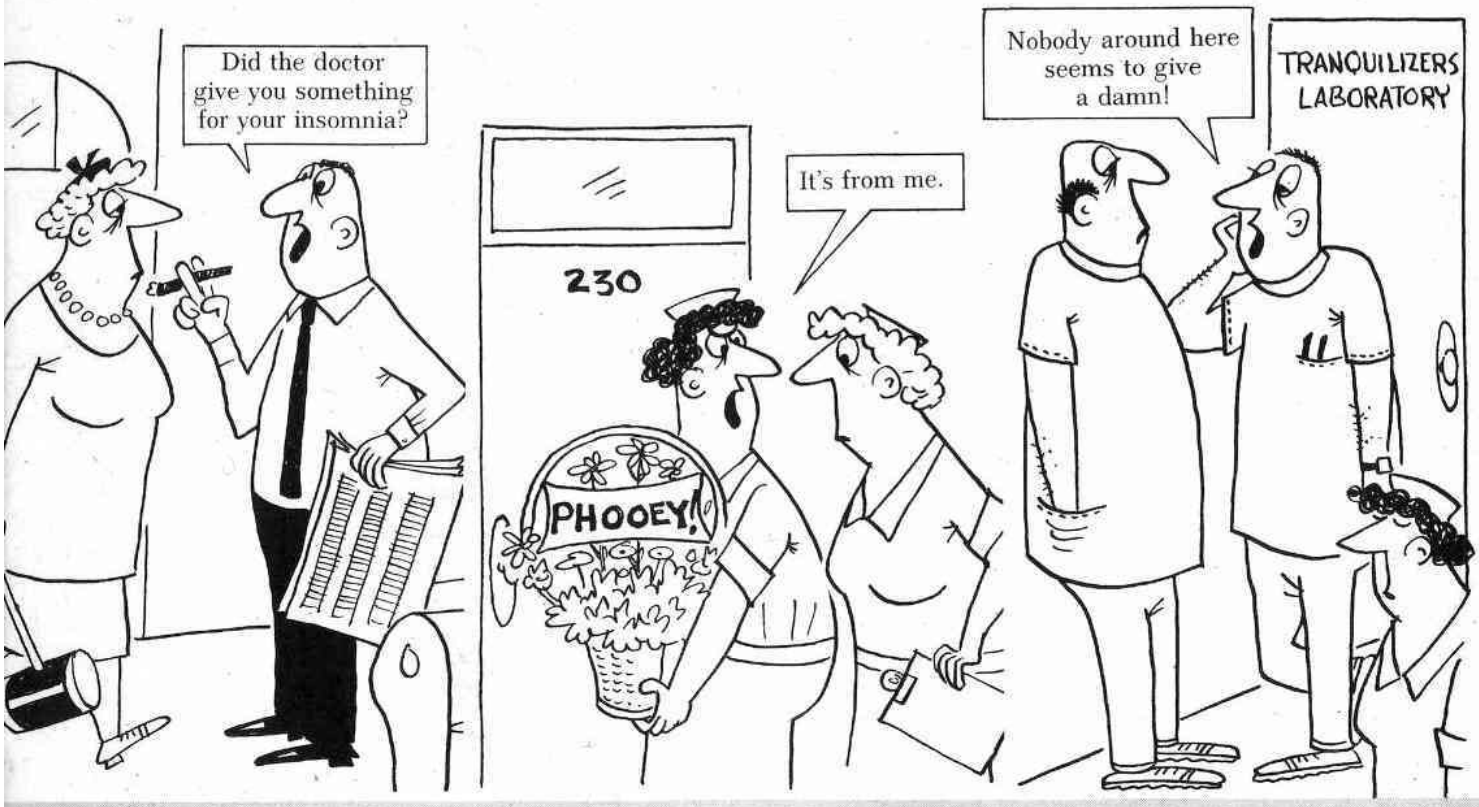
IN THE ARMY



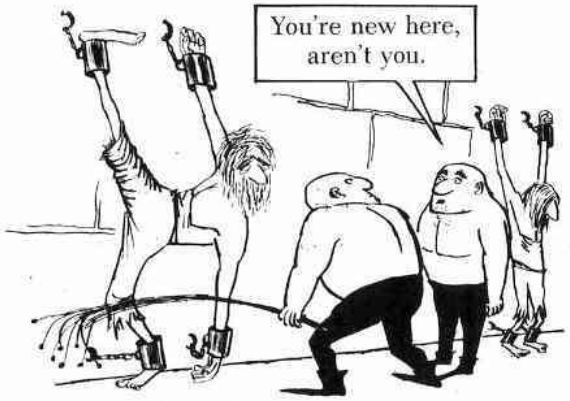
YOU'RE THE STAR TODAY ...SO SMILE! YOU'RE ON

TOON

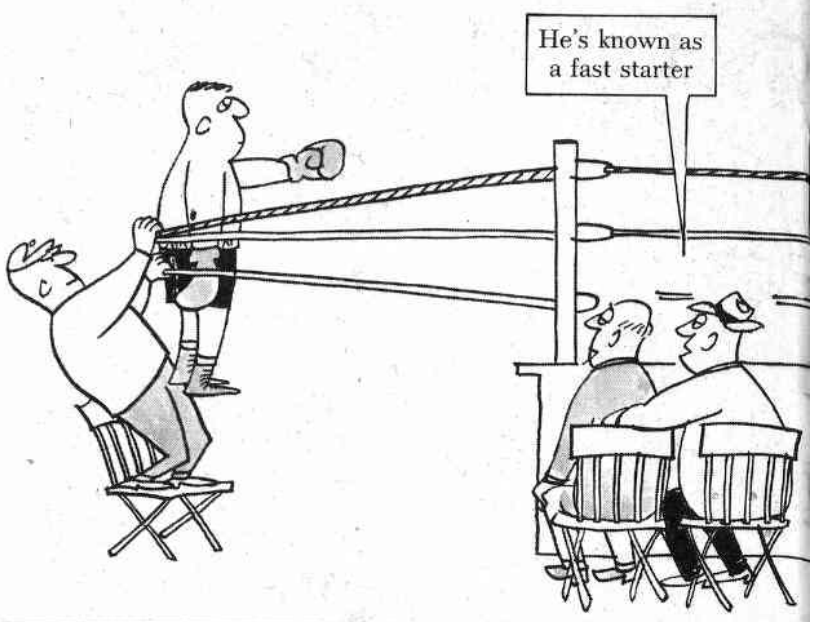
WHERE OUR CANDID CARTOONISTS CATCH YOU IN THE ACT OF BEING A WISE GUY!



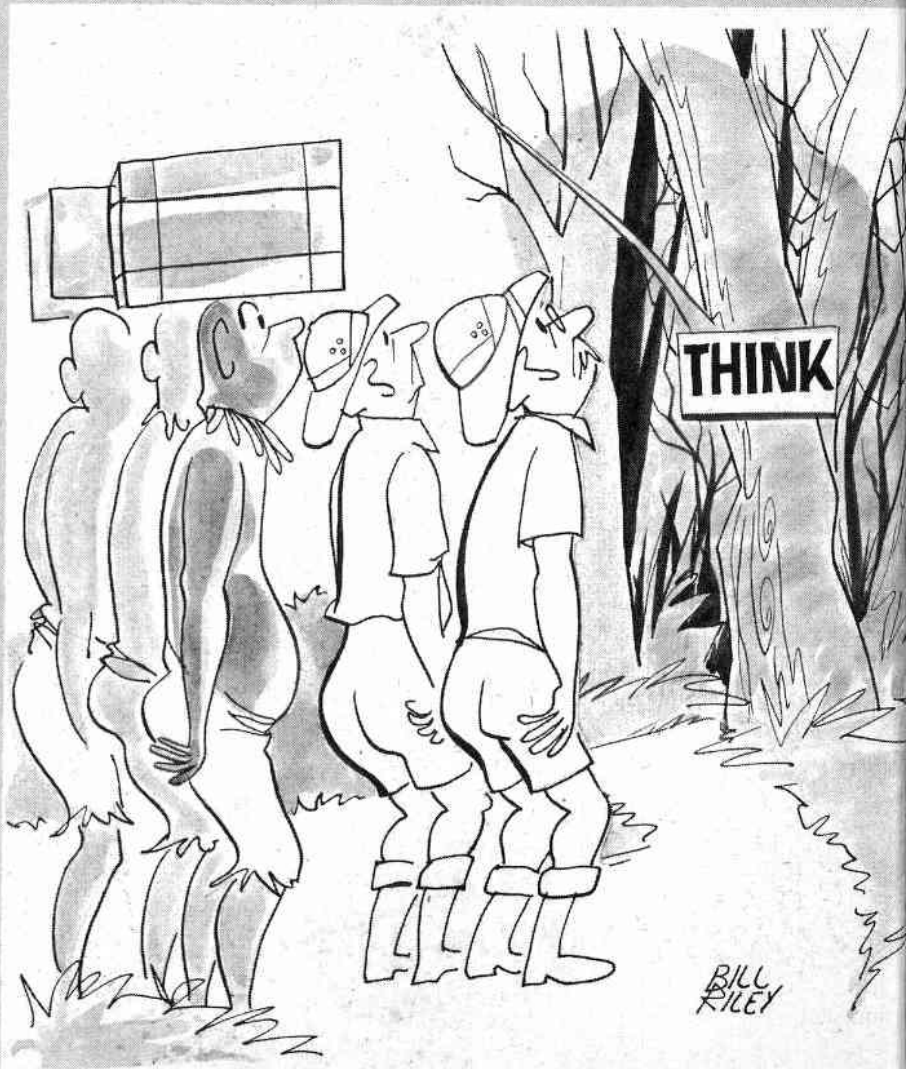
IN THE TORTURE CHAMBERS



AT THE FIGHTS



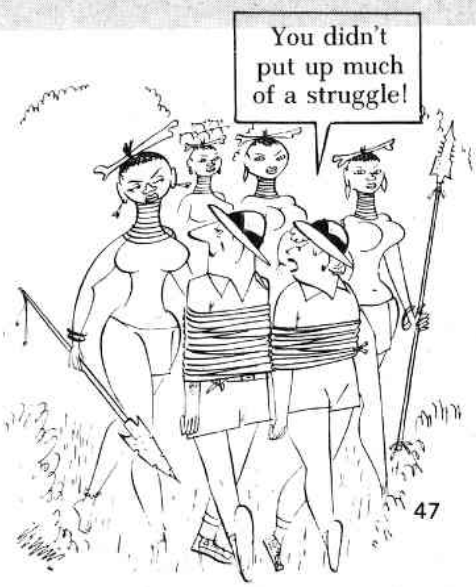
ON SAFARI



Yeah, I have a question. Which one of you guys is known as Mauler Marcus?
Well, so far so good.
Hurry up with that championship belt!
KAYO KELLY

1
2
3
Wolk

We've scared the WHAT out of you?
FORD BUTLOW


You didn't put up much of a struggle!

SICK SICK World

Inside Washington sources say Luci Baines Johnson is ready to get married. She will have a quiet, non-political wedding. The ceremony will be performed by a Protestant Minister, a Jewish Rabbi, and a Roman Catholic Priest. For the reception an Irish tenor will sing with a Polish band at a pizza restaurant in a German neighborhood. The Irish tenor will sing in Chinese . . .

• • •

Teen-age marriages are becoming a major social problem. Sociologists suggest teen-agers should wait to get married until they're old enough to know better.

• • •

To anyone planning on visiting Mississippi this year, ask yourself this question: "Ask not what you can do for Mississippi, but rather what Mississippi can do to you."

• • •

There was a horse named Santa Clause running in Florida last week. We know a guy who put a bundle on him.

• • •

A New York City cop late one night chased a thief into the subway. The crook got off the train at 86th Street and ran into Central Park. The cop ran back down into the subway . . .

• • •

Stirling Moss, racing car driver, married Elaine Barbarink. They met at a pit stop.

• • •

Cancer can be cured, if it's caught early enough — in the pack.

• • •

We predict the New York Mets baseball team will go to the World Series . . .

• • •

Asked a bachelor friend why he never married and he explained: "The girls I liked, didn't like me and the girls who liked me were uglier than hell."

• • •

We've always had the strong feeling that if Lincoln were alive today, he would go into the Booth Theater in New York and get shot by a man named Ford . . .

• • •

Big news in espionage circles this week was that "Britain's hush-hush M15 Military Intelligence branch of the Secret Service, now is known as D15-Defense Intelligence. A change in the letter while the number remains constant."

What number remains constant?

• • •

The bureau of Indian Affairs has started a program to teach 13 Indians in Albuquerque, New Mexico, how to make bows-and-arrows. After they master that, the Bureau is going to teach them how to attack wagon trains . . .

• • •

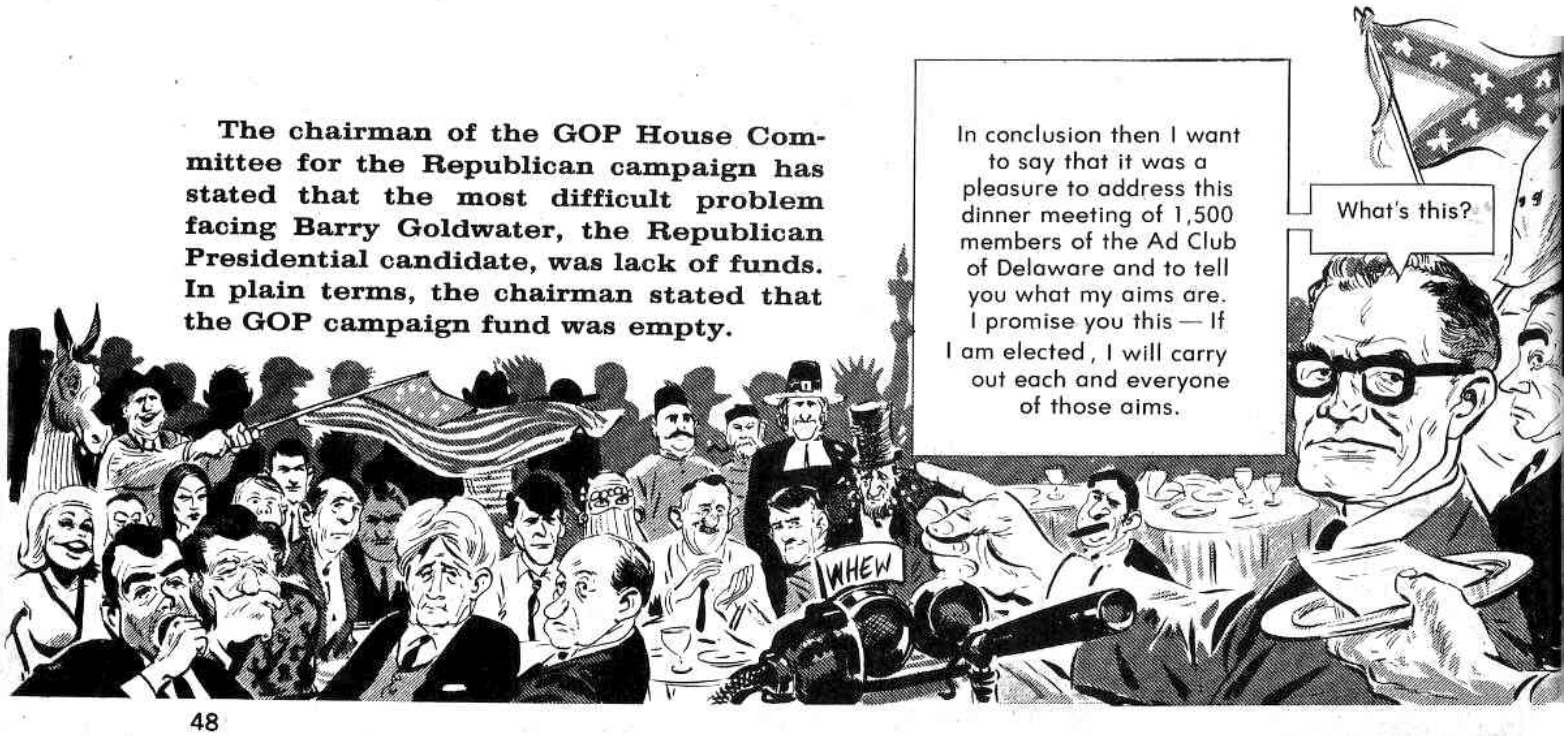
Huckleberry Fink was a flop as a cop . . . He once stopped a fire engine for speeding and asked: "All right, where's the fire?"

• • •

Conversation overheard at a Hollywood party:
SHE: I'm Bertha Gottlieb.
HE: I'm Frank Sinatra.
SHE: What do you do?

• • •

The chairman of the GOP House Committee for the Republican campaign has stated that the most difficult problem facing Barry Goldwater, the Republican Presidential candidate, was lack of funds. In plain terms, the chairman stated that the GOP campaign fund was empty.



"Hello, Ace Bakery?"

Has anyone heard from Allen Dulles lately?

• • •

Lenny Bruce is embarking on a cross-country tour of profanity trials.

• • •

This was a historic week in Italy. A government didn't fall this week . . .

• • •

Five more young American students defied the State Department ban on travel in Cuba and left for the island by way of Paris. This brings to 75 the number of students who have evaded State Department power over travel restrictions. We think the State Department should be given additional powers so they can tell these students where they can go . . .

• • •

The National Labor Board held this month that occasional kissing between employees is not cause for firing them. The board reasons that firing is too severe a punishment for something that causes so little loss of time. Well, it might be a loss of time for you, National Labor Board . . .

• • •

Barry Goldwater was quoted as saying that the Germans could have won both World Wars if they had better leadership . . . Well, better luck next time . . .

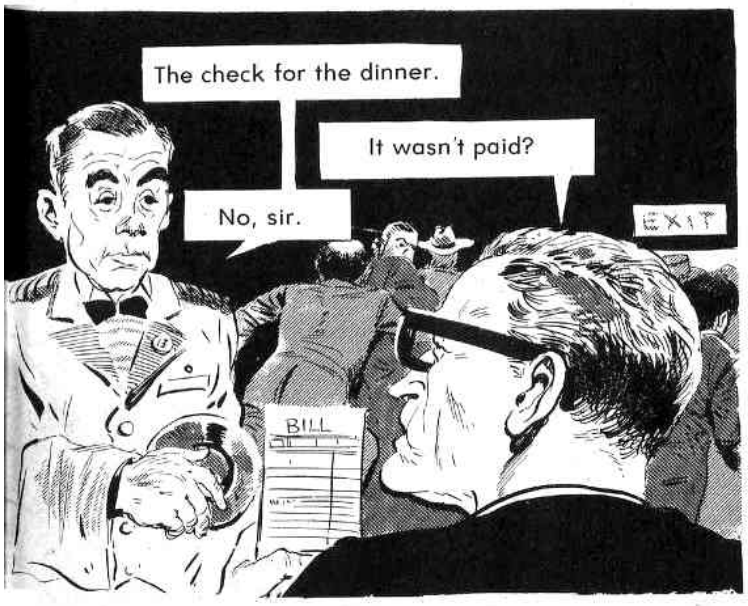
• • •

The population Reference Bureau states there will be 200,000 marriages per month in the U.S. this year. Divorce rates are even greater. There will be 230,000 divorces per month which seems to indicate that some people are getting divorced who aren't even married.

• • •

From time to time reports of an attempted kidnapping of Premier Khrushchev have come to light. Can you imagine the phone call the kidnappers would make: "Hello, Russia? We've got Nikita Khrushchev here. Don't worry, he's fine. What do we want for his return? Give us Hungary. That's right, Hungary — in small, unmarked bills. Wrap it in newspapers and we'll tell you where to drop it."

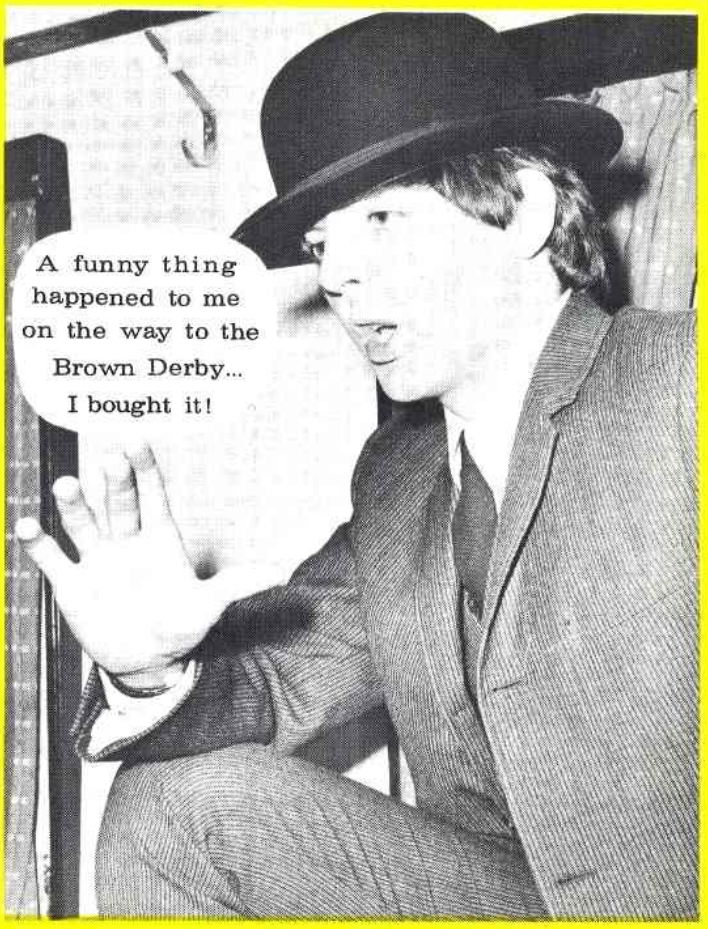
• • •

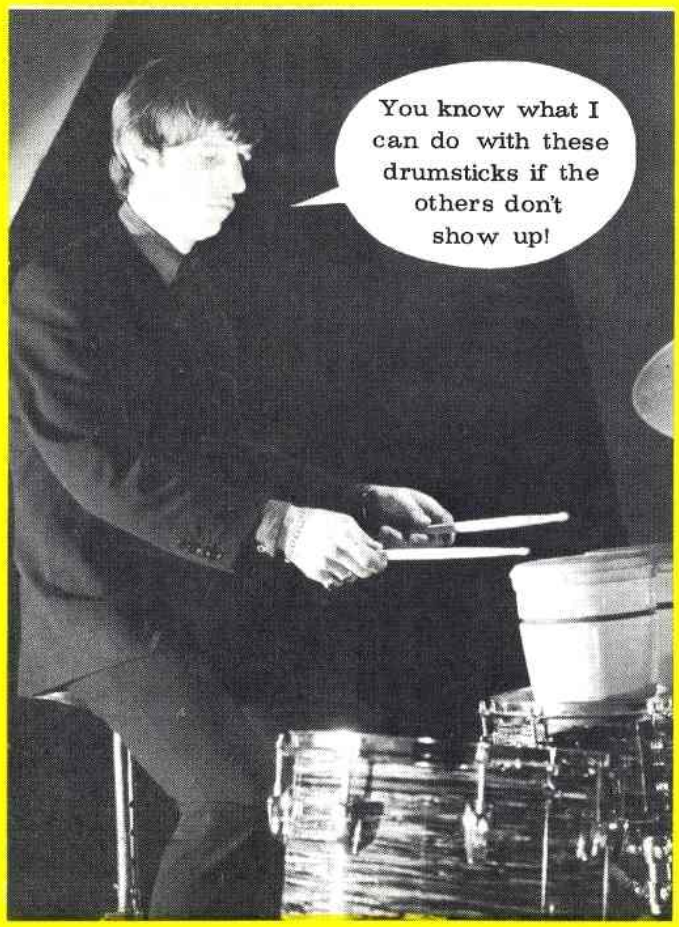


BOOKIE RAIDS

Police revealed in New York recently that members of the New York telephone company were tipping off bookie joints when a police raid was imminent. Certain crooked telephone company men would call the bookie joint and give the alarm by simply saying: "It's a raid."

Very good . . .
Now squeeze.





"A HARD DAY'S NIGHT"-United Artists